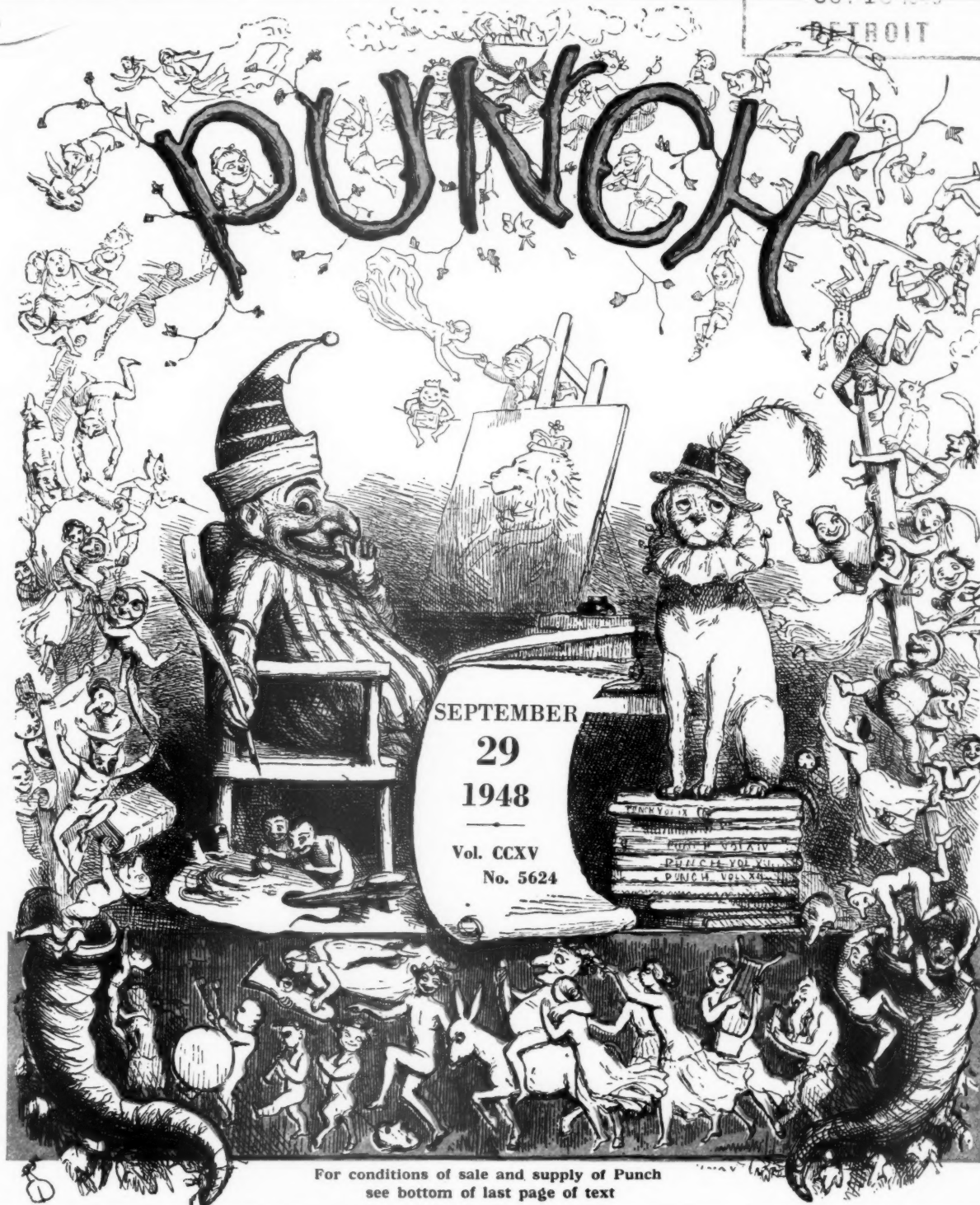


Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* Biscuits

OCT 18 1943

DETROIT



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

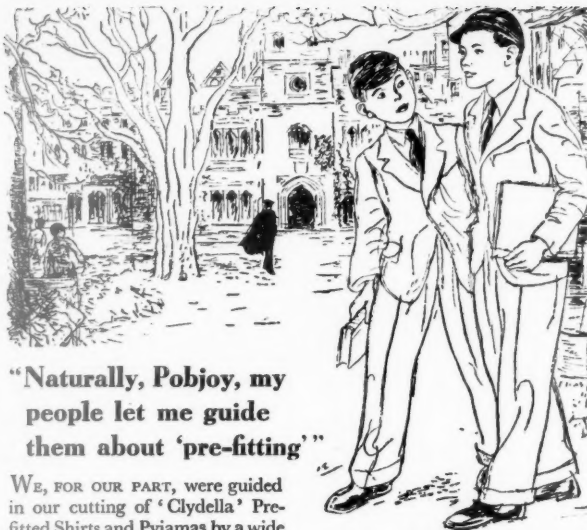
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"Player's Please"

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • MEDIUM OR MILD



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WE, FOR OUR PART, were guided in our cutting of 'Clydella' Pre-fitted Shirts and Pyjamas by a wide and careful study of many hundreds of schoolboys' measurements. That is why these shirts and pyjamas are made in long as well as normal fittings. You will notice, too, that

they have generous tucks and hems, to allow for growth. We wish that supplies of 'Clydella' were more generous, too, but we hope they will steadily improve.

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PRE-FITTED SCHOOL SHIRTS & PYJAMAS

If they Shrink - we Replace

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF



'VIVELLA' AND 'DAYELLA'

sweet and lovely

HERE'S the latest Murphy Model — a lovely younger brother of the famous A122. As you see, it is built on the baffle principle instead of the usual square box. It has Short, Medium and Long Wavebands and will get plenty of stations on each of them. Far more important — it gets them clearly and with a fine, true tone. This lovely little set is going to make a lot of friends.



A124 A.C. Mains only.
Price £20.3.4
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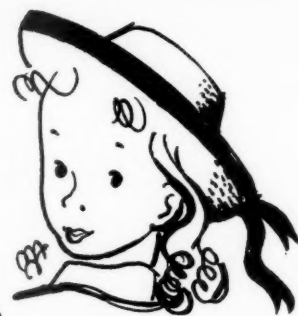
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murphy

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Viol

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Children love Viol and it is easily digested by the smallest infant.

- VIROL IS A CONCENTRATED FOOD prepared from malt extract, specially refined animal fats, eggs, sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts and vitamins.



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"I was born and bred on Tyneside and know the outside of your Factory as well as I know the Barracks in which I am serving . . . writing this gives me a good opportunity to thank you for the many years of good smoking you have given me especially during the War years where I have managed to get the odd tin in each of nineteen different Countries."

March 4th, 1948

★ Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowl (full strength), 4/3½ d. oz.

(302) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle upon Tyne, England



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AGE-OLD CEREMONY
—New Style

"Crossing the Line" is celebrated with traditional trimmings on the Short flying boat. The "victim" looks very happy about his situation—he knows he can clean up in the well-appointed wash-room, have a drink in the cocktail bar, and then relax in the roomy cabin. His memories of his first "Crossing" will be the pleasant ones always associated with flying-boat comfort.



THE LAST LEG

On the promenade deck one of the Solent's stewards is pointing out places of interest on the last leg to

Johannesburg. In a flying boat there is an unrestricted view from every window of the panorama below.

SHORT FLYING BOATS are flying all over the globe. By B.O.A.C. from Great Britain to Australia, Africa, India and the Far East. In Australasia T.E.A.L., in Scandinavia D.N.L., and in South America A.L.F.A., and C.A.U.S.A. are using Short flying boats, too. Your travel agent will give you details.

Shorts *The first manufacturers of aircraft in the world*

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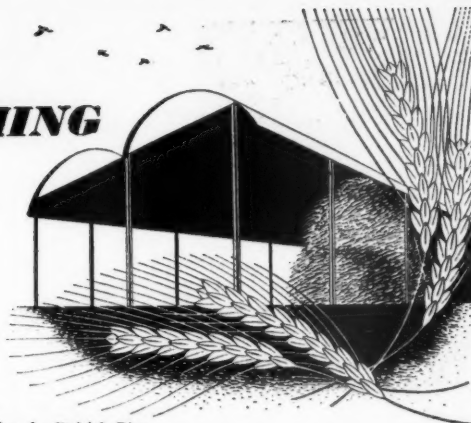


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Corn, root crops and fruit are very much up our street too — we build the Dutch Barns and the various types of special houses and sheds in which they are stored.

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that's our business

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... to soothe the savage breast

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germs



Sterilize
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bottle

Protect your baby from the germs of gastro-enteritis (sickness and diarrhoea), often traceable to imperfectly sterilized feeding bottles. This disease kills over three thousand children a year. Even though a bottle looks clean, you cannot be sure it is not infected. Milton is stabilised electrolytic sodium hypochlorite and a powerful sterilizer. Sterilization with Milton is simple, quick, sure, saves risk of breakage by boiling, and leaves no taint or odour. Ask your chemist for Milton Baby's Bottle Routine Instruction Leaflet or write to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 26, 10-12 Brewery Road, London, N.7

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NOTHING SO
EFFICIENT
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Self-generating
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FRESH AS
THE HOUR IT
WAS PACKED!

SENATOR

American Blend
COFFEE



JOSEPH TETLEY & CO. LTD., LONDON & NEW YORK



Silver Cross

LUXURY BABY COACH



Good natured on Trufood

William's little face shows his good nature and contentment. He was put on to Humanised Trufood at birth — and when this portrait was taken at 11 months, he already had six perfect teeth. It is the Trufood plan that has kept William active and merry — he is always in the best of health. How is your baby getting on?

* William and his parents
live in Wirral.

Trufood

HOW IS YOUR BABY
GETTING ON?

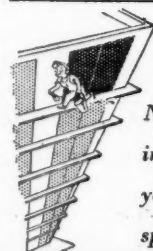
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Please send me a copy of "Cradle Days." My baby is aged months.

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HANDSOME IS and HANDSOME DOES—

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The new gas cookers are
simple and clean
in design—
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DISTINCTIVE
TEA**

W. H. & F. J. HORNIMAN & CO., LTD. EST. 1826

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**EVANS'
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**"GOLDEN PIPPIN"
MILLS**

*You'll
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WIDEMARSH, HEREFORD. Established 1850.



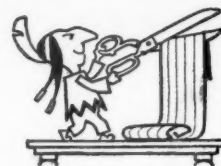


Roger Bacon

showed the world, for the first time, the importance of scientific observation and experiment. This remarkable man was born at Ilchester in Somerset in 1214. After studying at the University of Oxford and in Paris and Italy, he eventually returned to Oxford, and became a Franciscan monk in 1251. In an age when "science" was largely synonymous with the alchemists' search for the philosopher's stone and attempts to transmute base

metals into gold, Bacon displayed a scientific vision far in advance of his era. He foresaw the possibility of mechanical flight, the use of explosives, the improvement of sight by lenses and the propulsion of ships by engines.

In all his teaching he insisted on the importance of experiment rather than discussion, and on the necessity for first-hand practical experience, particularly of such chemical operations as distillation and calcination. He saw clearly that, without this practical foundation, natural science was little more than a collection of words. One result of his insistence on experiment was to enable him to show that air is necessary to sustain combustion. He has also been credited, but without adequate evidence, with the discovery of gunpowder. Some explosive mixture was undoubtedly known in Western Europe in his time for Bacon complained of the annoyance caused by boys letting off fireworks outside his study. He died on 11th June, 1292, leaving as his contribution to science a way of thought which still persists all over the world. Roger Bacon, Englishman, may justly be described as the first modern scientist.



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A final fitting at Aquascutum is a satisfying occasion. You realize we have given your suit a lot of thought. It is clean-cut, easy in front and smooth across the shoulders. As you move in it, you feel relaxed and comfortable . . . signs of good tailoring and fine cloth. You will like this suit we make for you at Aquascutum and you will wear it often.

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GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN

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A tale of escape to freedom began the rise to fame of La Tropical de Luxe Cigars. In 1875, a company of exiles, fleeing from the Spanish Oppression in Cuba, found in Jamaica not only sanctuary, but an ideal climate and soil for the growing of fine tobacco.

To these men, with a life-long knowledge of tobacco cultivation, this was happy circumstance indeed. There and then they established the firm of Machado, and today La Tropical de Luxe Cigars remain unrivalled for their exquisite delicacy of flavour and their delightful mildness and bouquet.

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Manufactured by the

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Imported solely by Lambert & Butler of Drury Lane

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Skimming over the wide moorland on a Sunbeam bicycle is like drifting down-wind on a cloud. For Sunbeam craftsmen have given these beautiful machines a sensitive balance, a smooth almost frictionless wheelflow — making distances shrink and pleasure increase.

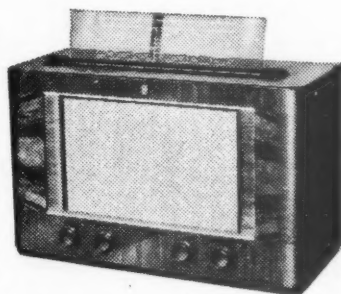
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Prices from £14.14.0 to £26.10.0 (plus purchase tax).



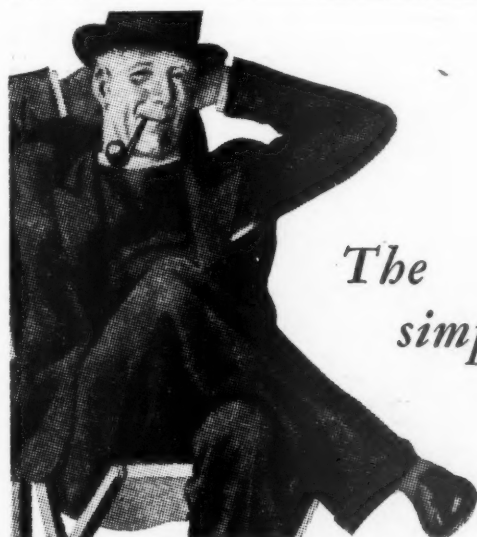
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(PR.417B)



*The
simple
life*

'A pouch stuffed in my pocket, a pipe stuck in my mouth,' said the Vicar, 'and my simple wants are met. But the tobacco must be Three Nuns. There I am adamant. If you tell me that other tobaccos are cheaper, I can prove to you that Three Nuns smokes so slowly, lasts so long, that it soon compensates for those extra coppers.'

Three Nuns

STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON,
BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED, GLASGOW

Wine is a Friend

WINE—the living blood of the grape—is one of the best friends of man, lending warmth and grace to every social occasion, refreshing old friendships and giving life to new. From Australia come fine Emu wines of steadfast quality up to the connoisseur's standards—but not at connoisseur's price.

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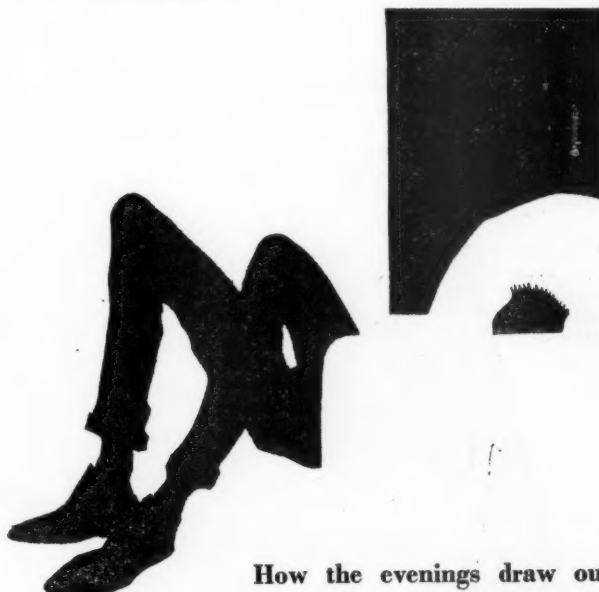
EMU Burgundy in the easy-grip flagon

Sir John's Australian Sherry Sack

Cellarer's Special Australian Brown Sherry



By Appointment Australian Wine Merchants to H.M. The King
THE EMU WINE COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, E.3



How the evenings draw out when they start to draw in and have to be spent without spending! Happy the man whose hard life is made soft by an easy easy chair!

BUOYANT Easy Chairs and Settees

THE BUOYANT UPHOLSTERY CO. LTD., SANDIACRE, NOTTS.



From Kindly Island Crofters to Sophisticated Society Ladies

Infinite care and traditional skill produce the indispensable fabric for the outdoor occasion. The hardy Island Crofters of the Outer Hebrides, plying their hand looms as their ancestors did, weave virgin Scottish Wool into the beautiful colour tones of their native mountains.



Look for the mark on the cloth



Look for the label on the garment

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● Obtainable
at all leading
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... but it's the label INSIDE that counts

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Cigar connoisseurs—for whom the finer points of bouquet, wrapper and filler are matters of moment—will enjoy Don Luis Jamaican cigars—an importation exclusive to Rothmans. Write for details of size and prices. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H. 5)
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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXV No. 5624

September 29 1948

Charivaria

THE Socialist Party are speculating on what will happen at the next General Election. Many are believed to be hoping that the result will again astonish them.

Asked what he expected to find on his projected descent to the bed of the Atlantic, Professor Piccard told reporters that if he knew that, he would not be going. On the other hand, though he's seen everything on land before, he intends to come back.



For Your Shopping List

"Lowered incidence of sensitization with sulphonamide combinations."

"British Medical Journal."

According to a doctor, some men are tongue-tied when undergoing a physical examination. It helps to have the National Insurance number tattooed on the chest.

There are rumours of boring for oil in a country district. One theory is that a black marketeer may have gone to ground.

Famous Last Words

"I have just been eating sauce that I made eighteen months ago. Good-bye."—*End of a B.B.C. Cookery Talk.*

At a recent shareholders' meeting the managing director declared that the reason why production was not increasing was because there was too much "ave-some-tea-ism" in the factory.



"The Pamir, bound for Auckland from Britain, has been battling through big seas, some of which broke aboard her, smashing her wheel-house amidships. The Chief Mate, whose forehead was gashed and needed five stitches, was the only casualty, the sails being undamaged."—"The New Zealand News."

Good. It's a terrible job stitching sails.

It is suggested that the Government could obtain additional revenue by selling the back of railway tickets as advertising space. Of course they would have to draw the line at such provocative announcements as "It's Cheaper By Charabanc."



A traveller submits that very few Eskimos are of the convivial type. After all, it's too much of a strain to stay up all night and roll in with the milk about May.

It is not quite correct to say we get nothing out of the Moscow talks. We always get our envoy back again.

Cold Blood in the Stalls

"The high-light of the performance was the amazing feats of Koringa, an Indian girl who is claimed to be the only female Yogi in the world. Her amazing power over reptiles gave her an opportunity to hold the audience spellbound."—*Irish paper.*

A suit of armour was stolen from a museum in the Midlands. The police are keeping a close watch on black-berry-gatherers.



Internationale

(All the names in the verses which follow, roughly translated from a Kurdish rallying song, occur in Supplement IV of the U.S. Congress Committee on Foreign Affairs entitled "Five Hundred Leading Communists in the Eastern Hemisphere." Russia is not included.)

COMRADES of the world, I salute you!
Dwellers in the snow and the sun
In Rejkjavik, in Arabia, in far-away Chuchu
Wherever the salt tides run,
Harry Snitcher, and Sigfus Sigurhjartarsen
And Edgar Woog
Salaams, oh Chryssa Hadjivassiliou!
Waeshael, oh fair Ch'en Yun!
Soon, soon will be the days of universal arson,
The days of Capital are done:
For the seas are not wide, they are narrow,
Paul Segab, and serene Soccimarro,
Whose two hearts beat as one.

Comrades of the nations, I greet you,
Patrascanu the proud and strong
Modzelewski, I am happy to meet you,
Not long, not long
The hour of revolution tarries
Oh, Emily Ibrahim Faris
Nosek and Pak Hōnyōng,
And Wilhelm Pieck,
Frianeza, Hakamada Satomi

And Groot, I should like you to know me.
May this sweet song,
The seed of my heart's emotion,
Fly out over the distant ocean
Till it reaches Karneyama Kozo,
Popovic and Kim Tubong.

Comrades of the world not sundered
Though the red flag rise or sink,
Though the heavens have lightened or thundered
Let Josh join hands with Mine:
Ba Thein Tin, Bourgia, Xoxe,
Sapsunthorn the noble-hearted
And stout Ho Lung
Rub noses with Farajallah Hillu
And Babic and Mije Garcia, will you,
Disciples all of the great orthodoxy!
Drink, oh drink
To Sem Nath Lahiri and J. Hoogearspel
Hashish and vodka and beer commingled,
Houphouet-Boigny and Constantinescu!
Drink and let nobody come to our rescue,
Let us be drowned in ink. EVOE.

Restaurant Complaint

The Manager, Popular Restaurant,
Chesterlee.

DEAR SIR,—When a customer is dissatisfied with your service he can stay away, but it seems to me more satisfactory to let you know first so that you may have a chance of putting things right.

First of all you should give attention to the menu. It is most disheartening for a hungry man to consider whether he will have this or that only to find that both are "off" and he will have sausages. I do not blame you entirely because the Minister of Food has you hamstrung, and your steak or bacon cannot be stretched from 12 till 2; but I do say that when the last portions are being served somebody ought to nip round smartly to stop new customers conjuring up visions of rabbit-pie which you cannot produce. As a matter of fact the trouble goes deeper, because if a customer goes in at 12 he learns that the beef is not "on" until 12.30: yet by 12.32 it is already "off." I will not go so far as to say that certain things are "off" before they are "on" at all (except for the Staff) but I am entitled to ask "What kind of a joint is this?"

Then again you or your waitresses seem to have favourite customers for whom no item is "off" whatever the

hour. Yesterday I had sausages because roast was "off" only to suffer the indignity of passing the salt for the lamb of a customer who followed me in. As if that was not enough the waitress gave me a piece of her mind besides charging me "à la carte" for something like horse-flesh because it didn't come under "table d'hôte." I suppose these favoured customers leave a large tip in addition to the "Service Charge" on the bill, but I, for one, will not curry favour in this manner. You ought to see to it that nobody eats Cottage Pie and Trifle because Chicken and Cabinet Pudding are dished up with nepotism.

Another thing which savours of unfair treatment meted out to ordinary clients is the queuing for seats. I am quite prepared to queue but I notice that certain people sit down without waiting for a chair. How do they do it? If I walked straight in with only a wink to the girl at the desk you would soon be telling me how I got off. Incidentally, does it take very long to teach your waitresses the art of looking at a customer without seeing him when he is trying to catch their eye for a meal?

While I am writing, you ought to be told about glasses of water. It is a free country and I prefer to drink nothing except water during business

hours. But when I ask one of your girls for a glass she pours so much contempt into the serving of it that I feel obliged to drink it all up immediately as an act of good faith. This offhand treatment gives me a pain in the neck. Once I said to one of the waitresses "What about a little carafe?" and that particular girl has been most guarded ever since.

Before I close I must tell you about your last half-hour. If you finish at 6, then your staff ought not to suggest by various means at any time after 5.30 that you are really closed only somebody forgot to fasten the door. This business of taking the cloths from unoccupied tables and bringing in the vacuum-cleaner may pull wool over the eyes of strangers, but I refuse to be sucked in by these methods and give myself indigestion. There is a crumb of satisfaction even in a deserted café by insisting on one's rights.

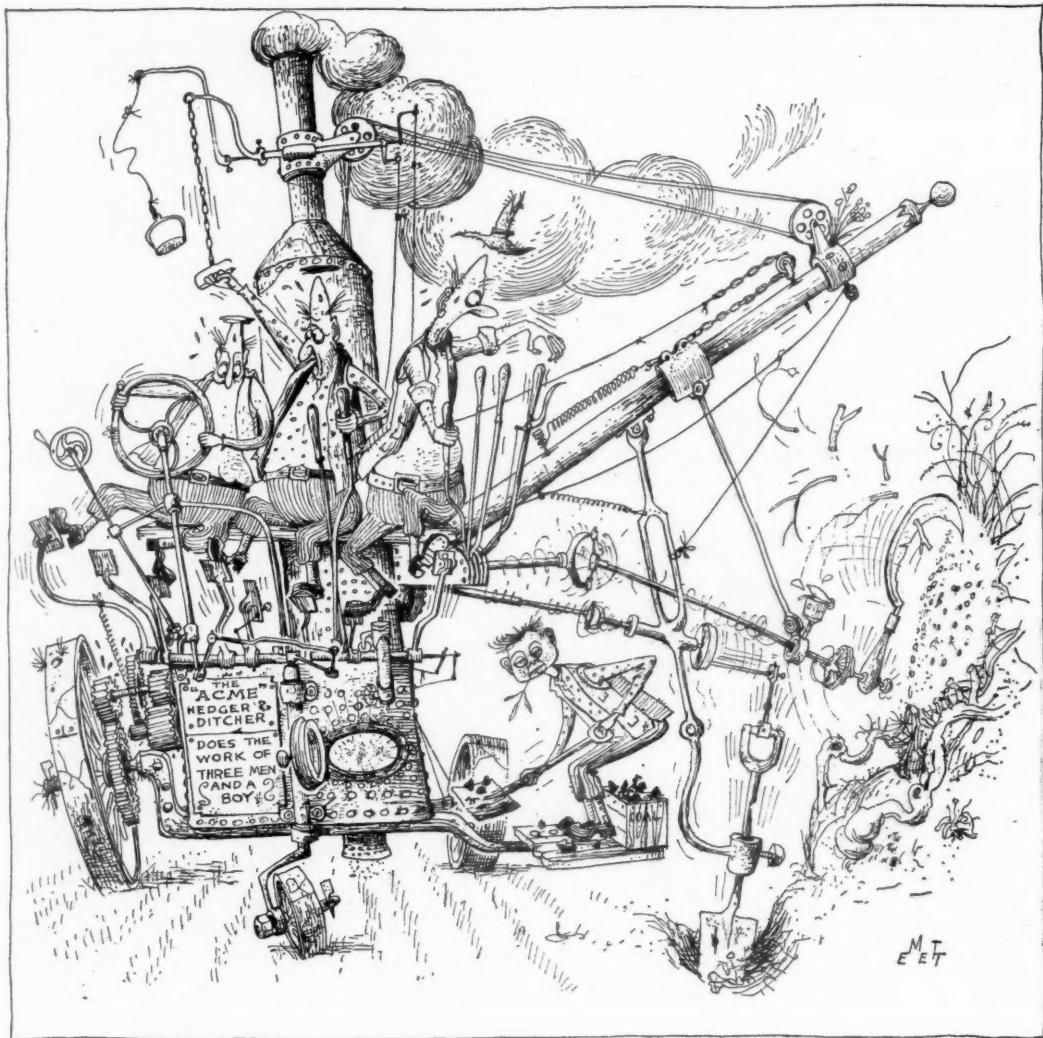
Having wasted a valuable evening in an effort to help you besides helping myself in your restaurant I shall look for an improvement. Otherwise you will find yourself short by one main meal a day in the not far distant future.

I beg to remain,
Yours truly,
S. SUMPWORTHY.



THE MAN MOUNTAIN

"The trouble is—can we keep him down?"



Ballade of One Man's Love for Autumn

SOFTER the air, and softer-etched the view,
And softer, more fulfilled the blackbird's note;
The smoke of bonfires drifts, a slatey blue,
Chest-high, unruffled, only just afloat;
The umbered woodland trails its loveliest coat.
Spring, summer, winter charm in their degrees,
But Autumn gets me gently by the throat . . .
I've never found a cure for this disease.

It's a disease all right. The years renew
The symptoms and the things that they denote.
The brittle frost of winter, summer's dew,
The rain of April . . . each is worth its groat;
But Autumn's mists are golden. Beam and mote,
Hyperion and the satyr, Pyrenees
To Highgate Hill! It's Autumn for my vote.
Autumn! There is no cure for this disease.

The scent of wet chrysanthemums goes through
My nostrils to my heart. By heart, or rote,
The happy, sleepy, and sad poems, too,
Of love for Autumn-time come pat to quote;
But this year one short phrase of Homer's
smote

My mist-drugged memory . . . Andromache's
Laughter-in-tears. Ah! there blind Homer
wrote
Autumn. There is no cure for this disease.

Envoi.

PRINCE, let me have my annual Autumn gloat.
No psychiatric Court physicians, please!
Did one exist, I'd ask no antidote . . .
I'm glad there is no cure for my disease.

R.H.A.B.

"YOU wonder, perhaps, what I am doing?" "I assure you . . ." I began, but the lie stuck in my throat. A man who frequently consults a stopwatch and makes brisk notes on a pad is at all times an object of curiosity, but when he is divided from one only by the width of a table in a restaurant-car, and, moreover, diversifies his activities by keen glances at his fellow passengers, the trundling of a little wheeled machine along a one-inch ordnance map and sudden sharp cries of delight or disapproval at the passing landscape, one may perhaps be forgiven an interest amounting, as near as doesn't matter, to a downright stare.

I had as a matter of fact already made up my mind what he was doing. He was working out the details of a murder. He would call it "Death on the 10.15," or, if that had been used too often, "Death on the 11.5," or possibly "Murder on the 12.27." There was a wide choice of titles. Alternatively, he might be concerned, not with the murder itself, but with the details of the alibi. I thought this on the whole more likely, and settled down to await with something approaching eagerness the moment when the train would slow down sufficiently to allow an agile man to rise from his seat, slip on the uniform of a ticket-inspector, make his way unremarked down the corridor and leap with his bicycle from the guard's-van. A skilful cyclist, even encumbered with a peaked cap and ticket-clippers, could easily do the six miles to Garstley Manor in half an hour . . .

I had got so far, when the man himself embarrassed me with his direct question and followed it up by taking a card from his waistcoat-pocket and laying it with a little bow beside my coffee-cup. I took it up and read "Mr. Colin Tuke, R.H.A.B."

The shock of discovering that he was not Mr. Freeman Wills Crofts drained the blood from my head, and I had to lean back against the cushions and close my eyes for a moment. When I had got a grip of myself I told him my own name in return.

"That's as may be," he said oddly. "But the initials—what about the initials?"

These too, I told him, perhaps a trifle complacently. There was just a chance he might have read my *Septimius, the First of the Severi*.

"No, no, no, no, no," he cried, jabbing an impatient finger at his card. "R.H.A.B." What do you make of that? What do you make of R.H.A.B., eh?"

I made nothing of it, and said so.

"Railway Hoarding Advisory Bureau," he said, emphasizing the words with a coffee-spoon. "Got it?"

He tapped the window beside him. "Now then," he said. "You want to put up a hoarding by the side of the line advising all the passengers to take Krinoleen regularly before retiring."

I made a gesture of dissent.

"I'm speaking generally. Somebody wants to. Krinoleen—or Slimmax. Same thing. Lots of people don't realize that—same manufacturer, same ingredients, different wrapper. But the point is, where are you going to put it? Easy enough to get out an ad. Paste it on a bit of boarding. Trestle legs. Finish. But where, eh? Whereabouts are you going to put it?"

I said I supposed I was going to put it in a field.

"Look at it this way," he said earnestly. "How many people do you think there are on this train? Hundreds. May be more. Now then. If only half of them start taking Krinoleen regularly, tell their friends, and they tell their friends, and they tell theirs, you've got a selling product.

It's like rabbits. But suppose none of them are looking out of the window when we pass your hoarding? Where's the return on your outlay?"

"I see. But you—"

"When do they look out of the window, that's the point. You don't know. Couldn't be expected. Haven't made a study of it, see? Now—"

"When they're passing an aerodrome for one," I said, slightly nettled.

He was immensely scornful. "Write 'em off," he said. "Aerodromes! They're looking for planes, not ads. Think again."

"If you mean when do I look out of the window when there's nothing more interesting than a hoarding to see, I can only say—"

"You're getting it now. Take the elementary stuff first—anything to make them turn their heads: when she slows a bit for a curve, when the smoke lifts after a cutting, rough points, when the soup comes—"

"Soup?"

"Five and a quarter minutes this side of Woking. They all do it. Look away, see—not to seem greedy. That's in the First Class mind. Slap an ad. for quality goods down and you'll see your money back all right. Educated appeal: follow me? Not the sort that horns in right away. For a general purpose ad. you've got to wait till the man comes round for tips."

"You make a note then, I suppose, of the time when these things—"

"Time and distance. Spot a likely field. Get a rough fix on the map, see, and Bob's your uncle."

"But look," I said. "Can you rely—I mean, do they always bring the soup and so on round at the same time?"

His brow darkened. "It's shocking, the irregularity. I've made complaints. But there it is. You've got to take an average and make the best of it."

"There's one thing," I began—but just then the steward came round with the bills. Mr. Tuke, I noticed, put down the precise cost of the lunch and looked firmly out of the window. For the life of me I could not help following his example, though there was nothing much to look at. Just fields—and in the middle foreground the announcement "EVERLASTO—THE PEOPLE'S PANACEA."

"See what I mean?" said Mr. Tuke.

H. F. E.



At the Pictures

Saraband for Dead Lovers—Sleep, My Love—Monsieur Vincent

THE constant filmgoer can spend an hour or two with his memories at *Saraband for Dead Lovers* (Director: BASIL DEARDEN). He will recall *Blanche Fury* because of STEWART

method is flashback (the dying woman is understood to be telling her son in a letter); the dialogue is undistinguished but inoffensive. There is some interesting small-part playing, and the colour—though it sometimes seems too miscellaneous rich—is impressive. Another reminiscence, by the way, most unexpected in this kind of picture, is the nightmarish scene in which we follow the distracted girl through streets packed with carnival crowds; it makes one think of *The Red Shoes*, and seems oddly out of key with the rest.

There is little new, either, among the essentials of *Sleep, My Love* (Director: DOUGLAS SIRK); the mainspring of the plot is that familiar villain, the smooth husband ingeniously driving his wife to insanity and suicide so that he can pursue his own affairs, or affair. Not much trouble is taken to make his extra-marital infatuation convincing, for the wife is CLAUDETTE COLBERT at her most charming and the Other Woman a photographer's model

before to the pleasure one gets from watching the exercise of skill (the perfect collaboration of director and players) in the presentation of scenes and dialogue that may be comparatively ordinary. The piece is full of this kind of pleasure; ROBERT CUMMINGS unexpectedly emerges as a good light comedian, and trouble has been taken to make the small-part people (watch QUEENIE SMITH as the photographer's wife) real characters.

Its inaccessibility for readers outside London is my only reason for not writing much more about the French prizewinner *Monsieur Vincent* (Director: MAURICE CLOCHE). The two films noticed above are all right for an evening's entertainment, but *Monsieur Vincent* is one of those rare pictures that leave you with the feeling that you have had a valuable experience, even—I would emphasize this—if you are no Roman Catholic, even if you have no religious feeling whatever. It is the story of St. Vincent de Paul, the seventeenth-century abbé who devoted himself with passion to the service of the poor and the sick; and with the help of an outstandingly fine performance by PIERRE FRESNAY (after only a few minutes you feel the power, the dominance of the holy man) it gives a brilliant, unforgettable impression of his life. There are no striking tricks of direction, only the unobtrusive excellence of detail and character we have grown to expect in French films; but some of the very simplest scenes are astoundingly moving. Considered as a story, this is "not the sort of thing I like"; but the film held me continuously and gave me profound satisfaction. R. M.



[*Saraband for Dead Lover*

THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

Countess Platen FLORA ROBSON
Sophie Dorothea JOAN GREENWOOD

GRANGER and Technicolor and that well-known historical scene of the equestrian arrival at the great house at night; he may recall *Mrs. Fitzherbert* and *The First Gentleman* because of the general theme (feelings of Royalty stifled by politics, and so forth), and FREDERICK VALK, and the heroine caught in a street crowd; he may even think of *Marie Antoinette*—if his memories go back so far—because of the plan to escape in coaches, and because the king is fat and the lover is a count. What is distinctive is the picture's visual impression, which is quite memorable, because the lavish colour is handled with imagination. The story (from HELEN SIMPSON's novel) is of the love of Sophie Dorothea, wife of George I, and Königsmark; the

hardly ever gives him anything but a cold snarl because he hasn't killed his wife yet—not, one would have thought, an endearing trait in a girl. (Admittedly, infatuation knows no logic, but in fiction the object of it needs—to be credible—more than sexual allure.) Nevertheless the word that it occurs to me to use about this thriller is "attractive." I found it attractive, I think, almost entirely because of the extreme ease and smoothness with which it is played. I have referred



[*Sleep, My Love*

CUPID AND PSYCHOSIS

Alison Courtland CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Bruce Elcott ROBERT CUMMINGS
Daphne HAZEL BROOKS
Richard Courtland DON AMECHE

The Radio Dramatist

III

IN this article I propose to investigate an easy method of coining plots. I speak as a radio dramatist, but what I have to say may well be of interest to those concerned with other forms of drama. If these lines, therefore, should catch the eye of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Priestley, let them read on, undeterred by my title.

When I first began to write radio plays (merely as a literary exercise: I submitted nothing to the B.B.C.) I found that the most difficult problem was to hit upon a good plot. One day, however, as I was placing a small bet with my bookmaker, he happened to remark that most of Shakespeare's plots had been used before. "Very well," I said to myself, "what Shakespeare took from others, I can take from Shakespeare." I had no more difficulty with plots.

Let us consider *Macbeth*. Our central figure is a bank-clerk named, shall we say, McTavish. Disquieted at his slow rise in the bank, he consults a clairvoyant, who tells him that he will soon be chief cashier. Next day he learns that this position is indeed his, owing to the transfer of his immediate superiors (we may as well call them Cawdor and Glamis) to other branches. Mrs. McTavish, inflamed by thoughts of even greater glory for her husband, invites the manager of the bank to dinner, secretes a spoon in his pocket, and telephones the police. My readers might like to amuse themselves by dealing with Birnam Wood and the cutting off of Macbeth's head. The simple will no doubt have McTavish glaring from the roof of the bank at a troop of policemen, but I fancy that something more subtle is indicated—maybe McTavish having trouble with his conscience, and perhaps an attack of measles for Mrs. McTavish. In any case, enough has been said to show what could be done.

One of my most successful experiments on these lines was the telescoping of *Westward Ho!* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It will be remembered that Amyas Leigh was a man of great bulk and warlike disposition. Did I take refuge in a slavish imitation? Not a bit of it! I made my hero a small man with a genius for inventing accessories for use in hen-runs and I called him Jabez Biddle. The satanic Don Guzman de Soto I treated drastically, and he emerged after an evening of pretty heavy work as Alf Bardsley, an unscrupulous poultry-dealer. Bardsley steals Biddle's idea for a hens' drinking-trough, and Biddle and his brother James, a conjurer much sought after for Christmas parties (the discerning will be reminded of the courtly Frank Leigh), make a vow to spend every penny they possess to obtain justice. They lose their case and their money, and Biddle is forced to go to work for Bardsley, who treats him with great severity (here we break into *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), cuffing him about the ears as he mixes the hens' mash.

When I had reached this point, I remember asking a friend, to whom I had explained my method, what he thought would happen to Biddle. "I suppose he gets sold down the river?" he said doubtfully. "Not at all," I replied coolly. "He starts oppressing Bardsley!" I left him gasping! The thing was of course simple enough. All that was necessary, once I had thought of reversing the rôles of Simon Legree and Uncle Tom, was to give Biddle some hold over Bardsley. I decided that Bardsley, a keen athlete, should win a hundred yards race by doping his rival, and that his trickery should be known to Biddle alone. I remember thinking at the time that if Uncle Tom had only had his wits about him his tale might have made



"The roof garden, please."

more cheerful reading. We are not told that Legree made any appearances on the cinder-track, yet some little indiscretion or other could surely have been turned to advantage.

It should be noted that when plot and character are modified in this way the chances of detection are small. It may be that a listener, hearing of Bardsley's dastardly theft of the hens' drinking-trough, would strike the arm of his chair and exclaim, "The Rose of Torridge!" It may be, I say, but I do not think that it is likely. Another advantage, particularly of the very drastic modification practised in this case, is that for two figures which might not appeal to listeners we have one who strikes a more familiar note. We may be sure that Simon Legree, at any rate, a coarse type with his strings of imprecations, would make a bad impression on the radio.

I was re-reading the play only the other day, and I must confess that at the climax, when Bardsley is playing the tyrant and Biddle turns round and strikes him across the face with a Buff Orpington, I felt a lump come into my throat. What a struggle I had to describe that particular sound effect! In the end I wrote, "The thud of a hen on bare flesh is heard." I wonder what the B.B.C. would have made of it? I have not submitted anything to them so far, but I feel that my years of practice cannot have been without effect. When I do, they are going to get a surprise, I fancy.

In Piam Memoriam

A QUESTION which will, I think, sooner or later be facing the British Museum Curator is: Whether to mark (with an X) the spot On the table where Marx (with a K) used to swot Or not.



"Aunt Florence dreamed about a device for stopping atom bombs, but she can't remember the details."

Old Rector

MR. BAYNES'S grave is the one at the end, by the Lych-gate,
You can see it from here.
There's a bit in the porch tells you how many years he was rector—
It was going on forty: a good time, even for those days.
There's been several since, but none of them stopped here like he did—
Not to say stopped.
Of course things have changed a good bit: altogether, you might say,
Since Mr. Baynes's time. He was very particular,
Liked to have everything proper: in those days the rectory
And the woods, and the whole of the glebe, was all strictly looked after,
There wasn't a weed in the paths, and they kept up the churchyard
Like a gentleman's garden.
He never got married of course: he kept house with his sister.
She did the flowers, and the choir, and the organ. The reverend
Didn't go much on the music, although he was always Very hot on the Bells.
He liked a thing plain, Mr. Baynes: hated anything fancy;
On Sundays in church he would always keep strict to the service,
You knew where you were in the Prayer-book. He'd never have stood for
Some of the things we've had lately, for instance, the banners,

Or the Children's Corner.
He preached very powerful: we didn't have preachers from outside
In Mr. Baynes's day: except an old friend of the rector's
Who came once a year, an old parson who knew him at Oxford
When they was at college.
He was active right up to the end. But he never got over
The first war we had: there was seventeen killed from the village.
It came very hard on the rector. He passed away sudden
A year or two after.
There was twenty-five pounds in the will for the purchase of hassocks,
And a Sunday-school prize for the best one at learning the Collect,
His books to the Church, and his dining-room chairs to the rectory.
Of course he was strict, and very much set in the old ways,
But for all it's so long, you would find there's a good few remember
How the Church used to be, and everything properly kept up—
In Mr. Baynes's day.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre chats round and about painting, a subject to which I have given far too little attention in a life somewhat overfilled with attending to things. That is why we find here diffident chats instead of stalwart assertions. Had I been a real expert, in for it is what the reader would have been.

Those who were brought up to rest a paint-box on their mother's knee as twilight fell and the muffins toasted on the hob should clearly realize that adult painting requires paint that comes in tins, not pastilles, and that to cover only one room adequately takes quite a large tinful, even when diluted. Nor, as when using a paint-box, should one dilute with water. Houses, like portraits, need oil. Brushes, too, get larger as one leaves childhood, and, if I may add a note on etiquette, it is not done to suck one's brush while decorating, even though this may be quite a charming gesture for the young as they squat in furrowed concentration.

Walls are not, alas, the only surfaces that are painted. Painted faces have presaged the fall of many a civilization. Hennad cheeks and the breakdown of frontier defences are often linked by satirists and their modern descendants, historians. It is true that I have never actually encountered face painting, but I have often heard of it. In my own experience a kind of greasy crayon is more often used. It is said, on what authority I do not quite know, that facial preparations for important functions begin weeks ahead and continue unabated to varnishing day. B. Smith once cunningly persuaded my wife to use tempera by pretending to have heard it recommended by a peeress.

Painting the town red is done mainly by the Government, and they concentrate on pillar-boxes. The Government are led to do it by their feverish anxiety over the marking of their own property, they always fearing that the Public Accounts Committee will think them feckless. Revellers usually do their red painting towards the end of a convivial evening; but that is not a time at which red paint is readily available, so, one assumes, only revellers sufficiently calculating to lay in a store while still sober can indulge in this messy and flamboyant pastime.



"Must we have all this fuss just because a kitten has come into the classroom?"

A variety of painting which gets into the Press a good deal is Art, because this is rather an easy subject to write on, the main point being that your taste should be sufficiently different from other people's to be interesting; there is not all the bother there is with Sports Journalism of getting a lot of little numbers dead right. The kind of art I like best is Victorian portraits. Large, dark and the work of those who have carefully studied reproductions of the Old Masters, they give me the feeling that their painters were well paid for their industry, whereas small, light, original pictures arouse my doubts. I begin to sympathize with the painters and wonder if they made both ends meet, and my pity destroys any pleasure in them. My attitude to sculpture is frankly maudlin.

A sub-division of the subject which it would be frivolously careless to neglect is word-painting. The idea of this is to select words which make the reader see what you want him to see. In the past it was used mainly in poetry, and novelists only used the device to give their characters a rest between chapters, but now it is used everywhere. Modern stories sometimes consist of nothing else. As you turn over page after page greasy roads, seedy arcades, steam on cafeteria windows, well-bred architecture, and sunlight on wicked mothers bombard your wincing eyes. Very descriptive of everything except of people doing things is what modern literature tends to be. Metaphor, simile, mixed metaphor—the herbaceous riot sweeps across modern writing, titillating the visual sense like mad, though not troubling the memory much. When I read such word-painting I breathlessly breathe "Coo"; but six months later gone with the gale is where all this brilliance is.

For repainting golf-balls see Artemus Finch: *Fake Fabrication*, Vol. I, "As Good As New" (rather than Vol. II, "As Good As Old"). For Peter the Painter, see Hool: "The Early Campaigns of Winston Churchill," in *Journal of Military History*, Vol. IX. For that anecdote about Cromwell see *Famous Warts*, published in fortnightly parts by the Blemish Press.

The last section of this Belle-Lettre comes with a bump from the general to the particular, one single painting being picked out for special mention. It was a painting of the "Sack of Rome" and stood on a huge easel in the atelier of

little Miss Mawkins, a cousin by bigamy of Mrs. Oscar's boy. Year after year she worked on it, filling the extensive canvas with scenes of carnage, often rising in the middle of the night to add some new horror which had occurred to her. It was to be, she told her landlady, a powerful picture. But, as was bound to happen sooner or later, her imagination gradually gave out. She found she was repeating herself: she would add a new figure and be unable to think of anything to happen to it; men-at-arms stood about listlessly or looked at the sights instead of getting on with slaughter and pillage. The bottom left-hand corner began to verge on the idyllic.

Little Miss Mawkins grew peaked and, in places, wan. No longer would she pause to chat proudly of her work when she met her landlady, but would patter furtively by. One night, however, as she lay abed wondering unsuccessfully about barratry and whether it could be done on the Tiber, her night-light went out. Drowsily she asked herself the old riddle. "Where was Moses . . ." she began. Moses! A chord was struck—a new vein opened before her eyes. The Ten Plagues! With a happy bound she leaped from her couch and, slipping a smock over her night-dress, began meticulously to cover every figure in the picture with boils.

"He said 'The Soviet Union has a population 50 per cent. greater than the United States and is growing rapidly. In contrast the last census indicated that the United States population probably will become stationery by 1970.'"—*Bermuda paper*.

But that's only on paper.



"There are vacancies in these new Government Boards, starting off at a quid a week and rising by five-bob annual increments to eight thousand pounds a year."



"... and be used to grumble about my washing."

The Cosmic Mess

THERE is a great rush for this column's photograph. The Argentine Consulate in London wants two of the pretty things, and the Brazilian Consulate wants four. And there is one already on this column's passport, which everyone in South America will have a nice peep at, no doubt, before we have done. This column hopes fervently that no one in high authority will think it necessary to study closely the new visa photograph and the old passport photograph together, for none of this column's friends can see much resemblance. One looks like a dejected blackmailer, and the other looks like a happy burglar heavily disguised with bogus glasses and an amateurish wig. Any conscientious person who examines the two, and the Face, at the same time must conclude that there is trickery somewhere.

If this column retained its old powers of wonder, in these queer days, it would wonder a little why the great State of Brazil should want so many photographs. One would seem almost enough, especially if it matched the one on the passport. But four! One, no doubt, is for the gentleman who issues the visa, and, later, for the file. One, perhaps, is sent to Scotland Yard for checking in the Rogues' Gallery. But why shouldn't Scotland Yard send it back? Or will they keep it in the Rogues' Gallery? And what about the other two? This column would like to think that it has two beautiful young fans in the Brazilian Consulate who are bent on getting signed photographs of the Happy Burglar. Probably there is some other explanation. The other two photographs will be flown out to Brazil. One will go to the Brazilian Scotland Yard and be filed in readiness

for this column's arrest or death. The other will be held by some fierce man at the Customs against this column's arrival. He will compare it with the Dejected Blackmailer, and this column will be hurried behind bars at once. It is all fairly formidable. And we are going to be in Brazil for four days only. Perhaps the rule is one photograph a day.

Still, we must be thankful. At the moment it is only four photographs of a single pose. One day all the Governments of the world may demand nine photographs, all different—one front-face, two side-show, one from astern, one smiling, one sea-sick, one shaved, one not, and one kneeling in obeisance to the Spirit of the Modern State.

Talking of passport photographs—what a theme!—have you ever looked at a friend's without saying: "My dear, it's *nothing* like you!" And how often have you not added: "I'd have sworn it was somebody else!" You falter: you have no reply. All right. But is it not a solemn thing to think of thousands, millions, of the human race wandering about the world with all these accursed assurances of their existence and their good faith bulging on their breasts, presenting at every turn photographs of themselves which their best friends would not swear to, and having them accepted as genuine by people who never saw them before? A solemn thought? It's raving.

But the Progress Report is, on the whole, satisfactory, and we still hope to get out of this concentration camp (if only into another) somehow. Everybody is very nice about everything; and the more tiresome the things they ask you to do the nicer they are. We have assured the Argentine that we can read and write; we have provided Brazil with evidence that we can afford to stay in Brazil for four or five days (though how do we know?). All the Delegates have been vaccinated, and twice inspected by the doctor who did it. There was one rumour that the doctor's vaccination certificate had to be "endorsed by the Ministry of Health"; but this column said that there were limits, and no more has been heard of that. At the last moment, when we thought we had got everything, and done everything, necessary for the visas, we discovered that none of our passports was endorsed for South America. We had our country's permission to go to North America, to all countries in Europe, including the U.S.S.R., and anywhere in the British Commonwealth and Empire; but not to the particular half-Continent to which we proposed to go: so we had to start again.

We must not ever question the wisdom of the State—of any State—by whom all these things are done for the benefit of us poor sheep. But to cheer the poor sheep up, when caught in the swamps of Passportery, could not the great States from time to time publish evidence and statistics showing the benefits which the human race is drawing from Passportery? All we ever see is that some Tory M.P. has been refused a visa to Russia, or some Communist M.P. to North America. That is quite fun; but it is not much, and does not warmly reconcile us to Passportery, especially as we gather that, in spite of Passportery, Communists are successfully and dangerously “infiltrating” wherever they care to go. We should like to see a long list of the murderers and wicked men who were caught because of Passportery, the subversive infiltrators who were prevented from infiltrating by Passportery, the epidemics caused by travellers who had not been vaccinated, the men who penetrated the Argentine unable to read and write, and what befell. Such information, printed largely on the walls of the Temples of Passportery, would help the sheep to suffer many a weary wait and give them new heart for the struggle. To this day, for example, this column has no notion whether he has been vaccinated to save him from small-pox in the Argentine and Brazil, or to prevent him from carrying small-pox thither. Not that it matters; but a sheep likes to *know*.

This column, as well, has been inoculated against Yellow Fever; and here is a sad tale. The Secretary to the Delegates told this column that if it was to set foot in the capital of Brazil for four days only, it must be inoculated against Yellow Fever. So this column at once went off dutifully and was done, by a good doctor, to whom very many thanks. A very swift affair it was. No sooner does a column put its nose inside that doctor's door than it is inoculated against Yellow Fever, with very few questions asked. When the thing was done this column said, fearing the worst, "Any rules?" The doctor said, "No alcohol for forty-eight hours. And beer?" he added strongly, "counts as alcohol." "Are you serious?" this column said. "Certainly", he said. "A drink won't make you feel any the worse, but it will destroy the effect of what I have done. So it's worth sticking to." "Certainly", this column said, and went off determined to stand by the right. *À l'heure de l'apéritif* it went to the local and had a ginger-beer. In came a young doctor who said he could not understand

the forty-eight-hours rule, and rather thought it was nonsense. Even then this column stood firm. It went home and looked up Yellow Fever in the Encyclopædia. It read with growing horror the various unpleasant things that happen to a man who has that; and it was more than ever determined to take no risks with such a complaint. It dug out a rather dusty tin of tomato-juice, added some Worcester sauce, and drank to Medicine and Virtue. That night it had severe enteric trouble, the first for many months. The wines and spirits of France, the *canard à la presse* of Rouen, the *sole Dieppoise* of the Café Moury, had fought in vain against the proud old inside; but the tomato-juice brought down the citadel at once. As the poet Haddock sang many years ago:

"Nothing's been the same since I took up
with orange-juice,
It never pays to shock the system, dear."

That night, and the next, this column slept badly and woke with a bad taste in the mouth. It now knows what teetotallers go through. On the last night—well, it was only the second, but it seemed like the end of a series—this column took this column's wife to "the dogs" and failed in every race to predict the winning dog, though it picked out with uncanny accuracy the dog that was third. And it had to console itself with ginger-beer. But it stuck it. What a column!

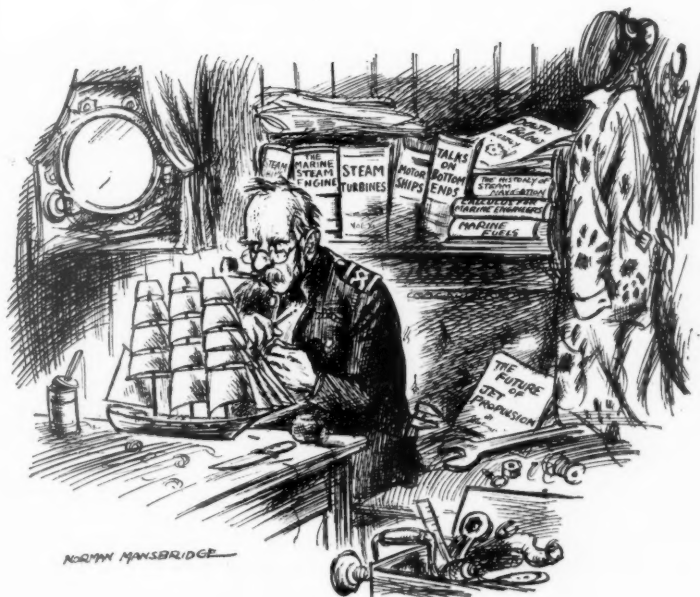
The eight-and-fortieth hour struck at last. A few hours later the Secretary

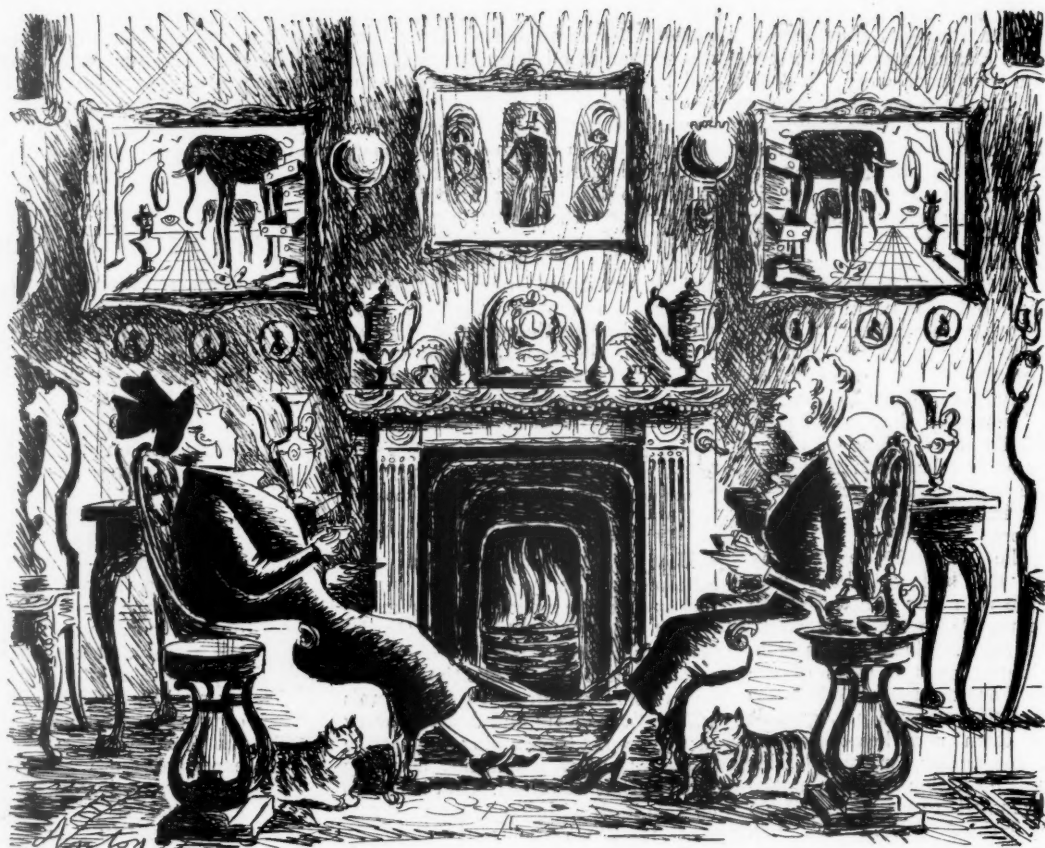
to the Delegates rang up and discussed various matters concerning visas and all the rest of it. Just as he was ringing off he said these words:

"By the way, you needn't have that Yellow Fever inoculation. That was a mistake."
A. P. H.

Syncopated Soliloquy

THOUGH the rhythm
is monoton-
ous, monoton-
ous, monoton-
ous, the sun is
beating hot on
us, so hot on
us, so hot on
us, and in the
corridor, the
corridor, the
corridor, we're
rather thick up-
on the floor, up-
on the floor, up-
on the floor, and
the atmosphere's
oppressive, most
oppressive, most
oppressive, while
the fares are quite
excessive, quite
excessive, quite
excessive, yet
it mustustustustub
admitadmitadmitted
that the railway has its *points*.





"WHAT a time I had persuading Mr. Dali to paint the second one to match."

Song

MY grannie's gone a-working on the railways,
I think she's starting off at Charing Cross;
She had a sudden wish
To play with trucks of fish
And help to cut the British Railways' loss.
You need a lot of rules to run a railway,
You need some uniformity, I know;
But a gentleman respects
The feelings of The Sex,
And there's some things that they shouldn't undergo . . .
So . . .

REFRAIN

Don't put my grandma into trousers, Mr. Barnes,
It doesn't seem the seemly thing to do;
She's sixty-four to-day,
And it isn't for the pay
That she thought she'd like to come and work for you.
You can put her in a little railway jacket, Mr. Barnes,

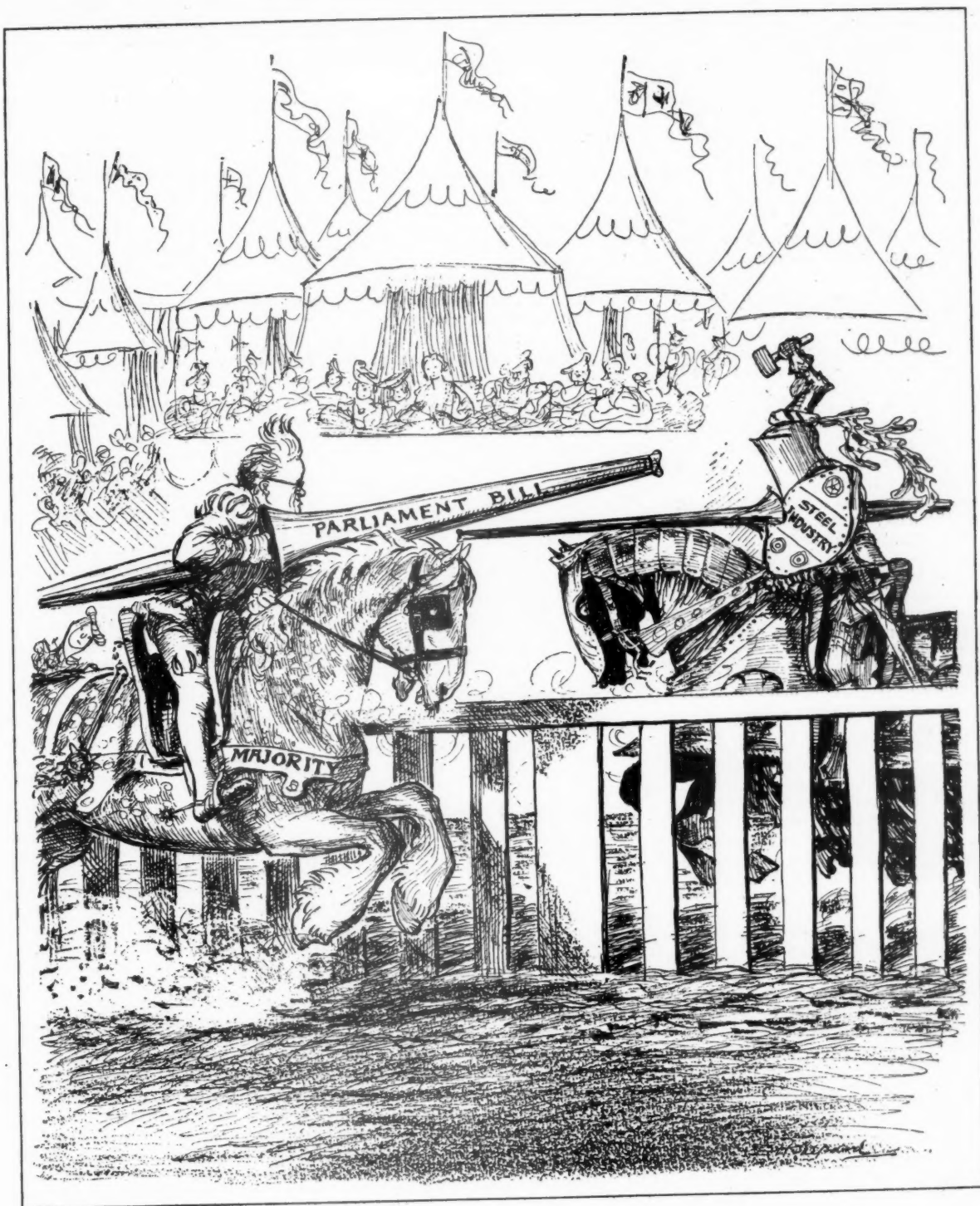
You can teach her how a porter raves and rants,
You can put her in a cap
Like a jungle-fighting Jap,
But DON'T put my grannie into pants.

My grannie knows the way to handle people, Mr. Barnes,
You'll find that she can snub them with an air;
She'll push and shove and shout,
She'll order folks about,
She'll answer all inquiries with a glare;
She'll get the hang of bawling out the stations, Mr. Barnes,
So nobody can understand a word . . .
But she *won't* look well in breeks
That have backward-jutting peaks,
It would, well, to put it mildly, be absurd . . . So . . .

REFRAIN

Don't put my grandma into trousers, Mr. Barnes,
It doesn't seem the seemly thing to do . . . etc., etc.

J. B. B.



THE FUTILE TOURNEY

MONDAY, September 20th.—Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, Leader of the House of Commons, is normally of so sunny a disposition, and of so cheery a wit, that the entire House refused to take him seriously when to-day (for some reason that was not apparent) he seemed snappy and grumpy. It says much for his usual good-temper that Government and Opposition benches alike took his apparent ill-temper as some new sort of "leg-pull" and some new demonstration of his puckish humour.

However, it was apparent to the discerning that Mr. M. was, in truth, "put out," as the old-fashioned phrase goes, and unwary questioners found themselves floored by verbal brickbats the moment they raised their heads. And the rest of the Government took their tone from the Leader, with the result that Question-time was one of the most liverish periods the House has known for some time. In most cases, it was not what was said but the nasty way they said it.

Even Mr. Speaker dealt a smart rap over the knuckles to Ministers in general because he had not been told in advance that certain questions were to be answered together. As it has apparently never been the practice to notify the Chair beforehand, Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, of the Foreign Office, looked a trifle surprised, but, metaphorically licking his knuckles, nodded submissively.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN then asked for a statement from the Government on the "callous and seemingly purposeless assassination" of Count Folke Bernadotte, the United Nations mediator in the Palestine dispute, who had been murdered in Jerusalem by Jewish terrorists. The Count, said Mr. EDEN, had given his whole life to the cause of peace.

Mr. MORRISON, agreeing with every word Mr. EDEN had said about Count Bernadotte, said Mr. BEVIN would probably have more to say in the foreign affairs debate on Wednesday.

And so the House passed to the Parliament Bill, with Mr. MORRISON again in the star rôle. His pepperiness was once more in evidence, but this time blended with a little of his usual good-humour and wit. He gave the impression, however, that he was as tired of the whole many-times-told tale as were his audience. He waded manfully through the case for the prosecution of their Lordships: that they had no right to interpret the will of the people, that no Government

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, September 20th.—House of Commons: Their Lordships Under Review.

Tuesday, September 21st.—House of Commons: Procedure at the Double.

Wednesday, September 22nd.—House of Commons: The World's Troubles are Examined.

Thursday, September 23rd.—House of Lords: Parliament Bill—Second Exit.

House of Commons: Defence is Debated.

could run the risk of having its Bills slaughtered by the Lords in the last two years of a five-years' Parliament.

When he claimed that the Bill had nothing to do with plans to nationalize the iron and steel industry (which might have to be forced through) the Opposition roared with unbelieving laughter and e'en the ranks behind him could scarce forbear to titter.

Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE, defending their Lordships, said the whole thing was a ramp, designed to ensure the Socialist Government the ability

given a Second Reading, by 319 votes to 192.

The debate was notable for the return to vocal politics of Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD and Mr. MAURICE WEBB, both of whom have for long been on the sick-list. Each made a vigorous speech and each received a roar of welcome—on strictly non-party lines.

TUESDAY, September 21st.—The Giant Whizz-Bang of opposition to the proposal to telescope the procedure on the Parliament Bill turned out to be a tiny (and damp) little cracker. The House was much more than half empty when the Home Secretary moved the motion designed to bring about the telescoping. It all sounded so logical: it was not possible to amend the Bill, if it were to pass under the provisions of the Parliament Act, 1911. And if it did not pass under that Act, it would not pass at all. And, since the whole object of the special Session of Parliament was to pass the Bill, well . . .

In no time at all the motion was passed and the House turned itself into a version of those comic films where everything happens at fantastic speed. The Serjeant-at-Arms sprinted up the floor and flicked the Mace off the Table (thus denoting that the House was in Committee). Major JAMES MILNER skipped nimbly from the Speaker's Chair into the Chairman's Chair. A few breathless words were uttered, and the whole thing happened again, in reverse. The Mace magically reappeared on the Table, and Major MILNER as remarkably reappeared in the Speaker's Chair. The Clerk jumped to his feet and announced the Third Reading, whereupon Mr. QUINTIN HOGG decided that speed could be overdone and held up the headlong rush with a speech that occupied rather more than seventy minutes. But it was an extremely good speech, which, in any other circumstances, would have been devastating.

Late at night the Bill got its Third Reading, and then it went, like the forlorn child hero of some celluloid epic, out into the Dark Unknown of the House of Lords. The Tory Members, twirling sinister moustaches, looked as if they *knew* what the Great Unknown held for the Defenceless Little Child. The Government supporters smiled the quiet, confident smile of the District Attorney (or Sheriff) who, secretly, has the whole matter well under control.

Before the debate began, Mr. BOYD-CARPENTER drew attention to reports



Impressions of Parliamentarians

56. Dr. Edith Summerskill
(Fulham, W.)

to ride rough-shod over all opposition and to prevent the people from having any effective say in things, once they had made the initial error of electing a Socialist Government.

Then general battle commenced, and followed the well-worn war-path. Lady MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE was one of the few who managed to instil some newness into the debate, and she called the Bill an "all-risks insurance policy" for the Government—a piece of prescience she personally approved. When it came to his turn, Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, gave the impression that the Bill set up an N.S.P.C.L.G.—a National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Labour Governments.

And of course the Bill was once more



"I'm sorry, but King Ethelred is not interested in your proposed committee for pepping-up industry."

that the Second Reading of the Bill had been passed "without a division." This was not technically accurate, because the rejection of the motion for its rejection was, according to the rules, the approval of the Second Reading. But Members felt that Mr. Speaker was uncharacteristically severe in singling out the B.B.C. for mention in connection with the common and highly-technical error, for the B.B.C.'s reports on Parliament are generally accepted as being as near complete accuracy as fallible human nature will permit.

WEDNESDAY, September 22nd.—Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, made a special journey overnight from Paris (where he was attending the United Nations Assembly) to open a debate on foreign affairs. He found the House of Commons crowded and grimly attentive, for the news from Moscow was not cheerful.

Plunging into his speech without a word of "introduction," Mr. BEVIN first outlined the course of the events that had led to the decision to try the German Generals who had been prisoners of war in Britain for three years. He frankly admitted that there

had been great delay, but pleaded that the trials had to be held, since subordinate officers who might have obeyed orders that might have been given by the Generals had already been punished as war criminals.

The House clearly did not like this passage in his speech, and a number of later speakers openly expressed their distaste for the whole proceedings.

About Palestine, Mr. BEVIN roundly condemned those responsible for the murder of Count Bernadotte and announced that the British Government stood behind the recommendations the gallant Count had left as his posthumous contribution to the peace of the world.

On the situation in Berlin and the Moscow talks, he "asked the indulgence of the House" if he said next to nothing, since the whole matter was under discussion in Paris. A great many Members behind him, hearing this, walked out—an action looked on with astonishment by the big gathering of Ambassadors in the gallery.

Mr. BEVIN ended with a movingly-phrased plea for better understanding between nations—and especially with the nations behind the Iron Curtain. Come what might, he ended sturdily,

but with a catch in his voice, Britain would survive, as she deserved to do.

The debate that followed was a long one, and it was wound up by Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, with a thorough and painstaking reply to all the many questions raised. All, that is, except the one big question everybody was asking, "What is going to happen about Berlin?"

THURSDAY, September 23rd.—Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, the Minister of Defence, took the floor to-day with a review of the steps the Government prudently planned to meet a possible "emergency." They included a special reserve of all the Services, which all key-men were asked to join and which would ensure that the anti-aircraft defences were fully manned from the first.

Mr. EDEN retorted that this was a good idea, but that he was afraid it would not work out so well in practice as it did on paper. Still, he—like the Government—would hope for the best.

Their Lordships received, and speedily dispatched, the Parliament Bill. In next to no time the poor thing's death warrant was signed, and execution took place immediately. But there's always another session—and the Parliament Act, 1911.

A House in the Country

SEVEN months ago the Brownsons embarked upon an old house in Surrey, won the necessary permits for repairs and renewals from the appropriate Ministries, engaged a firm of jobbing builders and decorators, and moved in. The Brownsons sniffed the clean air of the Weald and found it good. So did the jobbing builders. In such a beautiful spot the Brownsons were delighted to have even a leaking roof over their heads. The jobbing builders sensed this and made their plans for a long stay. They are still firmly entrenched and encamped.

The original contract between the parties has now been scrapped and business relations follow the vicissitudes of a grim war of attrition. At the moment the situation can be summed up as follows: the workmen (to coin a euphemism) hold about half the garden and such strong-points as the garage, the attic and the telephone, while the Brownsons dominate the ground floor and two bedrooms. There is a floor space of some 250 square feet which both sides recognize as no-man's-land.

The battle for the garage began three months ago, when in a surprising burst of activity the men suddenly erected the sides of the flimsy asbestos-and-firewood contraption. The roof, they said, was "eld up in transit on account of the Olympic Games." Although Brownson knew that the special camps for the accommodation of overseas competitors had long since been completed, and without any assistance from the asbestos-and-firewood industry, he was sportsman enough to admire such an ingenious excuse and allow it. A fortnight later the roof arrived; a month later it was still lying flat on the embryonic lawn.

Then the weather came to Brownson's assistance. Heavy overnight rain made the attic untenable for the men both as a rest-room and as a storage dépôt for their paints, tools, food-stuffs and table-tennis equipment. They tried to bluster their way to new accommodation in the third bedroom, and would have succeeded but for Brownson's threat to cut off their supplies of boiling water and teacups. Within an hour they had fitted the roof to the garage and moved in. Brownson tackled the men immediately and wrung from them a promise that they would eventually try to find room somehow for his car.

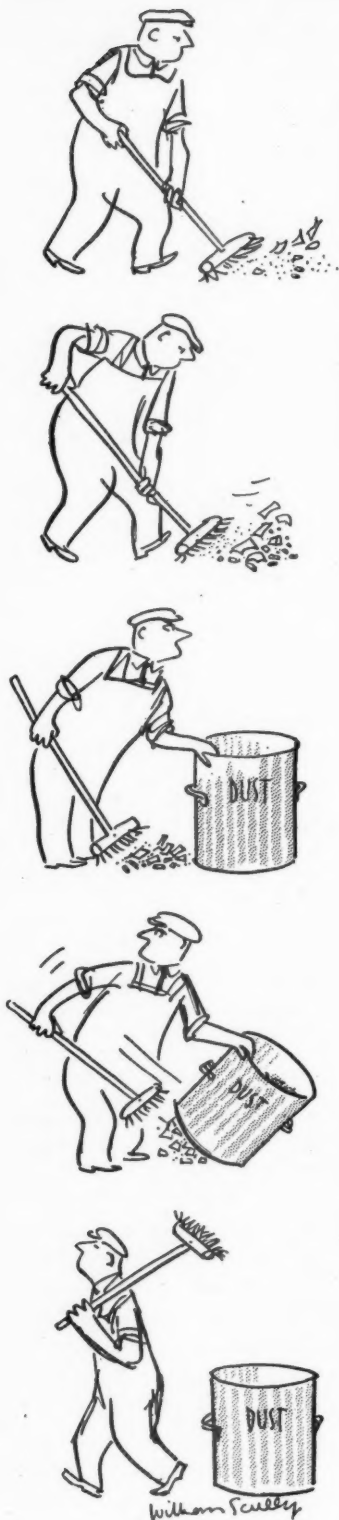
The workmen's half of the garden has been fought over several times, but

it has not yet changed hands. They annexed and occupied it back in June, when they decided in a moment of indecision to paint their ladders. As the foreman, Thompson, put it: "The air down 'ere plays 'avoc with your paraphernalia unless you keeps it in the pink. Don't want no accidents, do we? See them rungs! Perished in no time, they'll be, unless they're kept up to scratch." Like a fool, Brownson agreed that the operation demanded a "decent open stretch where the kids won't get at 'em," and lost half the garden.

One night a few weeks later he moved the ladders from their trestles and propped them against the house. The foreman protested vehemently against this outrage, claiming that the ladders in their thin undercoat of grey were in no condition to be pushed around. They were soon back in position at the front line, which was immediately strengthened by a deep ditch, the first feeler for an alleged defective drain-pipe. Behind this defence-work the men enjoy their two-a-side football and snatch opportunely at any sun-bathing that is going.

The grim tug-of-war for the telephone is as yet undecided. The instrument now stands on an upturned drum of paint just outside the drawing-room window. Here, according to the foreman, it is accessible to both parties, but only the Brownsons know how difficult dialling becomes when the body is at full stretch across a window-sill heavily thicketed with rose-bush. Thompson maintains that the telephone is essential to his business, that he must keep in touch with headquarters to ensure that the job is not held up through lack of equipment. "You don't want to 'ave me walkin' back to London for a few pennorth of nails now, do you?" he explained to Brownson. "And your missus don't want us tramlin' 'eavy marl into 'er drawring-room carpets every sec. You got to meet us arf way, mister, if you wants this job done quick." What Thompson really meant to say, however, was: "You got nothing to grumble about, mister. If you keeps your ears open you gets a couple of good tips a day orf of me: three winners last week and two the week before that. You should grumble!" Occasionally Thompson leaves a penny on the window-sill to cover the cost of a toll-call to his bookmaker. He leaves it with a flourish.

Brownson swings into action next week (so he tells me) with a new plan. By leaving the tap running overnight he will flood the garage to a depth of three or four inches. This, he hopes, will



Wilkom Sculley

drive the men back to the attic and ensure that its roof is repaired in double-quick time. Next, he hopes to seal off the garage by driving in his car and immobilizing it. If all goes well he will then launch his counter-attack upon the attic, spraying it nightly with some powerful and highly noxious insecticide that is equally damaging to foodstuffs and table-tennis balls. Should the men seek refuge in no-man's-land the chances are that they will immediately repair the rotten floorboards: if they migrate to the box-room they will certainly do something about the falling plaster.

Brownson has no idea how to win these last strongholds or tackle the mopping-up operations, but he is determined to have the place to himself by Christmas—even if it means sabotaging a gas-main and cutting off their supplies of tea. Somehow, though, I cannot help feeling that Brownson is underestimating the enemy's powers of endurance.

HOD.

Double Knock

(Fifty new fittings are announced for the postmen's uniform.)

POSTMAN, when I see you daily
Pacing your appointed streets,
Sternly plodding on, nor palely
Loitering like the man in Keats,

Need I say that I esteem you?
In your long pedestrian task
Would the ostrich or the emu
Be your peer, I boldly ask.

Yet from time to time—it's rum
what

Fancies catch the searching view—
I have thought you might be somewhat
Smarter in your outer blue.

Does that jacket grip you tightly,
As it seems to, here and there,
Would those trousers be more sightly
Were the man within more spare?

And if e'en the best of postmen
Shows at times a lack of zip

Maybe you, as 'tis with most men,
Ill-accountred, feel the pip.

Wherefore now I bid you buck up,
There are livelier days in store,
E'en officialdom, though stuck up,
Can be human at the core.

Here are fifty new surprises
Hanging on the postmen's peg,
Suitings for all shapes and sizes,
Arm and stomach, chest and leg.

Large for him of ample barrel,
Slender for the slight of limb,
Here is wealth of glad apparel,
Here a new-awakened vim.

Soon the world will see you stepping
Blithely out with laden bag,
Springy in your gait and lepping
O'er the puddles like a stag.

DUM-DUM.



"Will-i-am, come and see where the Fire Brigade's been."

At the Play

Playbill (PHENIX)—*The Queen Came By* (EMBASSY)
The Perfect Woman (PLAYHOUSE)

AN evening of one-act plays is like a dinner of *smorsbrods*. You may not like all of it, but you come away grateful for a change of diet. Too many three-act plays reach the West

and finally his health. He is a Mr. Chips from a much knottier block. His early brilliance, his burning wish to teach, have been changed by the boys' indifference and the taunts of his

shallow and flinty wife into a dried-up pedantry. On the eve of his departure for a wretched job at a crammer's he is bitterly humiliated by his wife and the headmaster, but only breaks down when the one boy who comes to say goodbye gives him a copy of Browning's translation of his beloved *Æschylus*. Even this comfort is denied him, however, for his wife points out brutally that the boy is currying favour for a move. At that her reluctant lover, a younger master, urges him to rebel, and though he is doing so in his own way as the curtain falls, he is clearly a dying man. It is a moving study, tautly written without a trace of sentimentality, a very skilful piece

way she only gradually emerges as a viper, Mr. HECTOR ROSS is excellent as the remorseful young master, and as the boy in the case Mr. PETER SCOTT contrives comedy without becoming that horror, the Stage Child.

The second play, *Harlequinade*, guys the kind of theatrical star (obsolescent, surely) who tours the world with his hand on his Art. We are shown a rehearsal of "Romeo" turned upside down by temperament, vanity and a splendid ignorance of anything outside the theatre. The two great players, whose marriage is the prime delight of goggling first-nighters, are found to be bigamously united; and for one awful moment the godlike figure of the theatre's ideal husband breaks into his youthful dialect. At the start it is a lively satire, but the joke wears thin. The same team puts it over with gusto, Miss MARIE LOHR adding a devastating portrait of an ancient war-horse of the old school. Both plays are produced by Mr. PETER GLENVILLE.

In *The Queen Came By*, at the Embassy, Mr. R. F. DELDERFIELD has written a comedy, lightly touched with pathos, about the staff of a London milliner in the year of the Diamond Jubilee. The joys and trials of these simple people are presented with sure touches of humour. Both sexes lived on the premises, but though this must have led to moments of comparative frolic I cannot believe in a feast in the ladies' dormitory at midnight, attended by gentlemen who appear unabashed by a lady being in bed. This is a slight but agreeable piece that would have been better without the somewhat cumbrous flash-backs that sandwich it. Although not always sufficiently audible, Miss THORA HIRD gives a charming performance as the dying assistant who mothers the rest, Miss MARY HORN and Miss ELEENNA FRASER sparkle in "gloves" and "baby-linen," and Mr. IVAN STAFF's shop-walker is comic with originality.

The Perfect Woman, at the Playhouse, is a farce by Messrs. WALLACE GEOFFREY and BASIL MITCHELL for which it is hard to find excuses; there are far too many of the jokes euphemistically called "doubtful," and the degree of credibility required even for farce is lacking. The affair has its moments, seized gallantly by Mr. SONNIE HALE, Mr. CHARLES HESLOP, Miss HONOR SHEPHERD and Mr. DAVID HURST, but it remains poor stuff and a sad waste of the talents of Miss ELLEN POLLOCK.

ERIC.



[A *Harlequinade*

THE BIGAMY SCENE IN "ROMEO"

Juliet	MISS MARY ELLIS
Policeman	MR. MANVILLE TARRANT
Romeo	MR. HECTOR ROSS

End with too little to say. It is true the one-acter prickles with difficulties, from which even established dramatists shy off, but managers might give them more encouragement. With *To-night at 8.30* Mr. COWARD showed how eagerly the public would still welcome a multiple programme, and now in his footsteps comes Mr. TERENCE RATTIGAN at the Phoenix with two pieces under the title of *Playbill*. One is far better than the other, but I don't think their success is in much doubt.

The first, *The Browning Version*, is the tragedy of an elderly schoolmaster who has failed in his work, his marriage,

of theatre which leaves one feeling one has known and disliked and sympathized with *Crocker-Harris* for much longer than a mere act. The only jarring note is the *Head*. He has to be unpleasant and insincere, but Mr. CAMPBELL COTTS makes him a monster of oily humbug, whom no twentieth-century board of governors could consider for a moment. This flaw in the production is the more noticeable because all the other types are exactly right. Mr. ERIC PORTMAN, a welcome visitor from the tropic of celluloid, hits off *Crocker-Harris* with the most delicate precision, Miss MARY ELLIS as his wife is doubly effective for the

Two Pioneer Exhibitions

AN assembly of a hundred and fifty South African paintings, drawings, and sculptures—the first representative display of the Union's art ever to be shown in this country—has been admirably arranged at the Tate Gallery under the auspices of the South African Association of Arts. Apart from a small historical section of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings illustrative of the romantic history of the country, the works belong to the present century.

Since some of the leading South African artists served their apprenticeship in European schools, it is hardly surprising to discover that the main influences in the past thirty years have come from our Continent, and those who hope to see the growth of an indigenous school will be disappointed. Walter Battiss, it is true, has profitably studied the Bushman cave paintings of his country, as his "Cattle and Egrets" and "Quagga Race" clearly show; but it is difficult to conceive that a model which imposes the strictest limitations on the choice and handling of subjects could inspire a school of painting. In fact, most of this painter's fellow members of the New Group in Cape Town are representational artists whose work—apart from the irrelevant interest of local colour—would not be especially remarkable in any exhibition of the New English Art Club.

But if there are necessarily few revelations in an assembly of works inspired, for the most part, by European traditions, there are a number of paintings and sculptures of uncommon feeling and craftsmanship which should enrich some of our permanent collections. J. H. Pierneef, of Pretoria, for example, after a cubist phase, has developed into a decorative painter capable of weaving delightful patterns of thin mat colour, as his "Dar-es-Salaam" here testifies. "Donkeys," a striking composition by Gerard Sekoto (one of the younger members of the New Group), Irma Stern's glowing "Watussi Woman in Red," and a singularly lovely water-colour of shipping, painted direct with a full brush by the late Charles Peers, are other works which must enhance their authors' reputations outside the Union, and the visitor should not leave without examining Moses Kottler's carving of a "Mother and Child," a work of perfect symmetry.

Also being held for the first time in this country is a National Exhibition

of Children's Art, which is to become an annual event under the patronage of *The Sunday Pictorial*. Among the two hundred and fifty juvenile paintings and prints, exhibited at the Academy Hall, Oxford Street, until October 8th, are a number of promising works (notably two rather similar studies by pupils of a Somerset school) which reveal the presence of an inspiring teacher. Other influences are evidently fortuitous; a book on modern French painting picked up in the school library, a visit to the Chagall Exhibition—it is easy to imagine the effect of such experiences as these on impressionable young minds, and as easy to remark their result in the

exhibition. It is safe to say that every parent will enjoy this lively show, and every child—especially those who get a day off from school to see it.

N. A. D. W.

Hullo! Hullo!

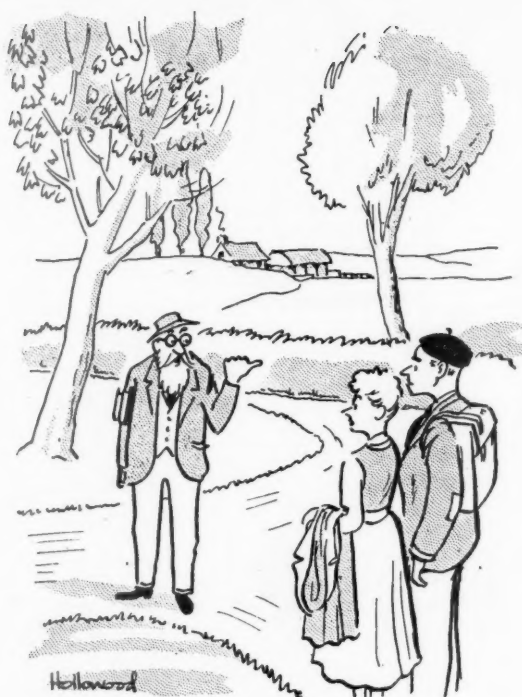
"Taiping, Tues.—The Telecommunications Department has begun local improvements by removing all overhead and underground cables."—*Straits Times*.

"Twin needle feller, plenty good work; five-day week; good assistant required." *Advt. in Glasgow paper.*

Him b'long all same good wage?



"That's Hinchleaf, of Hinchleaf, Anderson and Company. I see HE's got wise to this racket too . . ."



"Yes, certainly. Follow the Lower Greensand until you strike the Gault clay, then turn left along the outcrop of calcareous grit and you'll see Little Gadburt right there on the chalk escarpment."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Laughter in Heaven

THE marriage of fiction and eschatology admits of more than one impediment. By the orthodox it is liable to be regarded as a misalliance, if nothing worse. To the sceptic it is a plain infringement of the table of kindred and affinity. The matter of those "tales of this world and the next" which Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN has gathered together under the generic title of *Strange Ends and Discoveries* (CAPE, 8/6) may invite adverse criticism. At the manner, on the other hand, in which he has performed the dubious ceremony it is not so easy to cavil: he has done it with so disarming a smile. If Heaven, Hell, Death and Judgment are his theme, he allots a leading part in their mysteries to the Spirit of Comedy. He claims, indeed, to have made the discovery that there is no incompatibility between divinity and the sense of humour—"the most missing link of all between the Human and the Divine." He forgets, it would seem, that, not to mention Hardy's "Spirits of Irony," the quenchless laughter of the Olympians echoed long ago in Homer's ears. Be that as it may, in these transcendental anecdotes of his the Deity, the Devil and the Recording Angel play some very curious tricks with the denizens of the mortal world, placing them in grotesque predicaments and setting them the absurdest of tasks. Gilbert Chesterton once discoursed of tremendous trifles: Mr. LAURENCE HOUSMAN trifles with the tremendous.

F. B.

Alexis de Tocqueville

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE's reputation as a great political philosopher has grown slowly. Too detached and elevated to inspire men greedy for power, he has no Robespierre or Lenin among his disciples, and therefore lacks the credit or discredit which belongs to Rousseau and to Karl Marx. But if the world were guided by reason, his "Democracy in America" and his "Ancien Régime and the Revolution" would have had the influence on events now exercised by Marx and a century and a half ago by Rousseau. *The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville* (THE HARVILL PRESS, 21/-) contain his reminiscences of the French Revolution of 1848. He knew and tried to serve Louis Napoleon, under whom he was, for a short period, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. But, as he puts it, "though the habits of different societies may differ, the morality of the politicians at the head of affairs is everywhere the same." He did not find in any of his colleagues the disinterested attitude to political problems which he believed essential to their right solution; he lived in what he calls "morose isolation," and was soon dispensed with. Much of this book is concerned with events which have long ceased to be of pressing interest. But TOCQUEVILLE's dry, lucid style is always attractive; his characterization of Louis Napoleon, in particular, is brilliant, as is also, in lighter vein, his description of George Sand's brief affair with Mérimée, which, he says, was conducted "in accordance with Aristotle's rules as to unity of time and place."

H. K.

Pays Tourangeau

The second volume of "The People's France," which deals chiefly with *Touraine* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 18/-), is even more Saint-Simonian than its predecessor "Normandy." It is vivid, gossipy, prejudiced, its blacks very black, its whites very white, in striking contrast to the silvery restraint of the Loire landscape, in which much of it is set. Mr. ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK, as editor, has (very soundly) worked with French collaborators to produce the eminently up-to-date and on-the-spot impression which is the book's outstanding merit. But with a land of such historical and literary interest—for Maine and Anjou are thrown in—it does show a certain contempt for "the people" to play to a gallery which should by now be getting used to the stalls. There is an embarrassing choice of themes for text and photography: most of Pégu's châteaux "plus nombreux, plus nerveux, plus fins que des palais"; little manoirs like Clos-Lucé, where Leonardo died and Goering drove as a conquering tourist; art treasures like the tapestries of Angers; and hosteries famous for good food and wine. Here, too, are home industries—fields of mint and camomile at Chemillé, hand-made shoes at Les Manges and carved umbrella-knobs at Vibraye—to show how modest needs and hereditary aptitudes can still serve a *petit bourg français* to keep need and envy at bay.

H. P. E.

Pipe Dreams

Mr. LESLIE GREENER, who has been a regular officer in the Indian Army, a painter in the Latin Quarter and an archaeologist in Egypt, joined the A.I.F. at the beginning of the second World War and was captured at Singapore. "In prison," he writes in the preface to *He Lived in My Shoes* (HARRAP, 10/6), "I picked up my pen to write the story of my life." But on surveying his past, "that wilderness of missed opportunities and painful anticlimaxes," he decided to write about his Alter Ego, the second self which had realized in fancy all that he himself had failed to realize in fact. This book is therefore LESLIE GREENER

as he would like to have been. He calls himself Alter Pluverd, provides himself with an aristocratic father, has a lively adventurous childhood, is a rebel against authority at his first English school, and escapes from it with another boy, the two of them taking a dinghy and crossing the channel to Brittany. Brought back to England by a sympathetic uncle, he is sent to another school, runs away to join the army, and has a romantic encounter with a friend of his childhood, now an Alhambra star. The book ends with him dreaming about the brilliant future ahead of him. Mr. GREENER has plenty of humour and observation, but one cannot make a book out of unrealized fancies. The author awakens a curiosity about himself which he could have satisfied only by interweaving his real with his imaginary experiences.

H. K.

Two Intellectuals in China

The roseate hue of the Socialist dawn has given place to something ruddier; and there is a certain pathos about the over-fulfilled aspirations of those scientific hierophants who were altar-boys under the pontificate of H. G. Wells. A typical couple, CLAIRE and WILLIAM BAND, proceeded to Yen-ching University from Chicago and Liverpool respectively—he as Professor of Physics, she as a cultural influence in the home. When the war with Japan broke out, they joined the Communist guerrillas in North China; and two hectic years saw them sleeping on the brick *kangs* of cave-dwellers, addressing such centres of technology and indoctrination as the Resist Japan Union University and training wireless schools for the Eighth Route Army. They were received with what they regarded as unjustifiable suspicion when they arrived at Chungking *en route* for Calcutta; and advert with considerable asperity to the “Fascist reactionaries” who hinder the wedding of Comintern and Kuomintang. *Dragon Fangs* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 18/-) is pretty hard going: partly because the authors have no literary gifts whatsoever, but chiefly because they are not interested in China except as material for “modernization in its totality.” From recent Chinese publications one gathers that the tidal wave of Westernization is receding and ancestral wisdom reclaiming its own. You pay your money and you take your choice.

H. P. E.

A Newspaper Novel

“Very few men or women go into journalism against their will,” says an editor in Mrs. PHYLLIS SCRIVEN’S novel *It’s a Man’s World* (QUALITY PRESS, 7/6), a novel which has not only its scenery but its furniture and properties supplied by life on a provincial daily and two provincial evening papers. This editor attributes to the element of choice that devotion to “the paper” common to most of the characters in this book, and indeed among journalists in real life. The outsider who sees a newspaper office as an Aladdin’s cave of magical machines and omniscient human beings will find a great deal more about it told here; for a newspaper office is, rather, something like a battleship: each maintains an undeviating routine, but in the ship this must be adjusted to meet the attacks of elements and enemies, and on the newspaper to the stresses and strains of human nature which is its material. Mrs. SCRIVEN’S lively tale brings this out admirably and with the authentic atmosphere of orderly disorder and superficial excitement. The principal story in the book is one of love and ambition leading to what bids fair to be an ideal marriage. There are two other young women in the list of characters—one who gives herself for money, and one as if she were offering chocolates to the pleasant new friend who responds with a ridiculous

earnestness. There are crowds of other characters—it is a little difficult to assign every journalist to the right staff—excellent local colour, a “good” murder, and a Kiplingesque insight into the tricks of several trades.

B. E. S.

Funny Face

His great public will learn with indignation that LESLIE HENSON was expelled from his dame’s school merely for biting a boy named Archie Rider, and perhaps with less surprise that from these early days he was known as “Troutie.” *Yours Faithfully* (JOHN LONG, 12/6) is one of those scrap-book autobiographies which occasionally succeed far better than a professional portrait in presenting a man’s character. Mr. HENSON gets himself on to paper racily and with modesty, and his asides are as well-timed as ever. Intended for the family meat business, he did briefly investigate carcasses, but nothing could have kept him from the stage. Having got his start in provincial concert-parties, he was just arriving in the West End when the First World War broke out. Service in France with the R.F.C. followed, and then entertainments to the troops. After the Armistice he starred for Grossmith and Laurillard in twelve successive shows covering twelve years. With Tom Walls he backed *Tons of Money*, and on the first night their balance was down to £3, a thin beginning to seven hundred and thirty-seven performances. Nobody who survived seeing *Funny Face* will question his verdict that the historic orgy with Sydney Howard was the best scene he has ever had. Its dialogue lasted three and a half minutes, and its running-time was often twenty-five. The latter part of the book—a vivid piece of reporting—is his diary for this war, when he tirelessly led Ensa shows, all the way to the Far East, and was rewarded by overhearing a regular colonel mutter in Gibraltar: “Of course, you can’t get service conditions in war-time.”

E. O. D. K.



“... and the doctor says my claustrophobia’s COMPLETELY cured now.”

Amateur Acting Made Easy.

THERE are all kinds of books about acting, and I am told by people who have managed to read some of them that they serve the purpose of frightening any would-be actor out of his wits. The only one I can recall at the moment was by a Russian, and as far as I could make out it was all about an actor preparing. I never quite gathered what he was preparing for, because I got a rude note from the public library after the first month and had to take it back. I have an idea it was all a bit on the arty side. It's a nice big book, and must have taken ages to write.

Actually, it's all very simple. It won't take me ten minutes to explain the whole thing. There are six kinds of acting—amateur, arty, old-school, West End, film, and repertory. Of these, amateur acting is easily the most difficult, West End the least noticeable, and old-school the most amusing. I will confine my remarks here to amateur acting, and you can work the rest out for yourself.

Now, amateur acting is the most difficult, because the audience has to sit on wooden seats in a continual draught, and is therefore not too easily pleased. The main thing to remember is not to walk about too much, because your stage is so small that you're liable to push someone over the edge if you start jostling about. Apart from that, your movements don't matter very much, because nobody can see you. The people on the front row are almost underneath the stage, and can only see up into the flies; and the people behind, being on level ground, can only see the heads of the people in front. Therefore the thing to do is to make sure that they can hear you.

You will probably find that your hall is so constructed that if you stand at the back of the stage and bellow the sound goes straight up in the air and out through a fanlight in the roof. The best plan, therefore, is to stand on top of the footlights. If there aren't any footlights, stand where the footlights ought to be. If you don't know where the footlights ought to be, ask somebody: I'm blessed if I'll start drawing diagrams. Stand there, face the front, and shout. If you can find the exact spot to aim at in order to produce an echo, so much the better, because that gives people a chance to pick up on the rebound any words they didn't catch first time out.

Never speak while somebody else is speaking—unless they're speaking out of turn: if that happens, carry on at

the top of your voice until they shut up, and denounce them after the show. It's rather important that everyone should speak in the proper order, otherwise things are liable to get in a muddle. While someone is speaking, watch him fixedly. There are two good reasons for this. First, you may succeed in making him forget his lines, so that he looks ridiculous in front of his adoring family. Second, you will be able to tell when he has finished. Pause for a while before you speak, to give him a chance to put in anything he may have missed out, and then face the audience and let fly.

Never speak slowly, if you can help it, because the audience is bound to get a bit fidgety, and everyone wants to get on to the handing out of the bouquets, which after all is the chief reason for the whole affair.

Use masses of grease-paint; because you don't want to look as though you're not made-up at all, do you? People would think you weren't trying. Use a wig whenever you can, because that makes a wonderful difference. Crêpe-hair moustaches should be put on in two halves: so that if one piece falls off you've still got the other one. If you're supposed to be an old man, use a quavery voice. It won't sound remotely like an old man, but the audience will get the idea. Besides, you'll be down in the programme as *Jabez Gulf, an old man of sixty-five*, so they can't miss. If you're supposed to be an old woman, black out half your teeth with grease-paint and hobble. If you're supposed to be a vicar's wife, stitch a lot of flowers on your hat and wear pince-nez and elastic-sided boots. If you're supposed to be an American, chew gum. If you have no gum, pretend. It's *ever* such fun pretending.

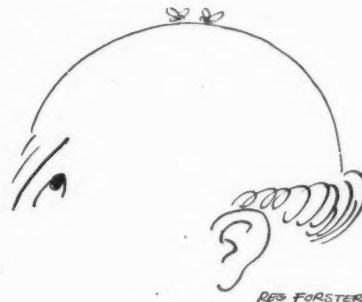
If at any time the audience should

laugh, your reactions should be governed by the *reason* for the laughter. If they are laughing because the hands of the grandfather-clock against the wall are going round backwards, the thing to do is to stop the action of the play altogether and let them laugh. They will be enjoying themselves, and you must keep them in a good humour. If, on the other hand, they are laughing because somebody has spoken a funny line, or performed a funny bit of business, you should pause and smile among yourselves in a superior sort of way. The character responsible for saying the funny line or doing the funny business should smile more than anyone, and bow slightly. Then, for the benefit of those in the audience who didn't catch it, he should repeat it. Be careful to control your merriment, though. Don't let it get the better of you: that is a *professional* prerogative.

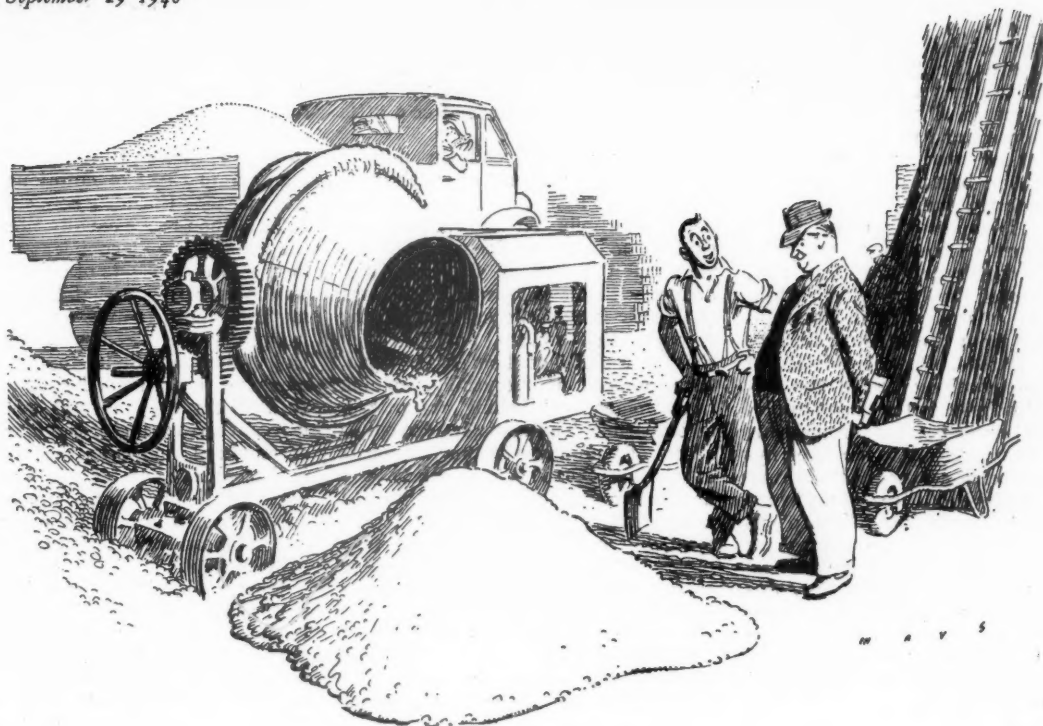
A very important point which is often overlooked is the correct way to open a door on the stage. If a door opens *off*, it should be *pushed* and not pulled. If you pull it, one of two distracting things may happen: the knob may come off in your hand, or you may pull the whole wall down on top of you. This sort of thing can be very trying to cast and audience alike, and the rebuilding of the set only wastes valuable time. Besides, it may destroy the illusion. In order to obviate such errors, it is possible to arrange for the doors to open either on or off, at will, but this is not really advisable: such doors swing to and fro, which tends to give every scene the atmosphere of a saloon bar.

If there are more than three or four of you on the stage together, you need not of course *all* stand at the footlights, or the audience will think you're about to sing "Bless This House." It is sufficient for the one who is actually *speaking* to be at the footlights. The rest can mooch about at the back smoothing down their hair, and come down, when it is their turn, in an orderly manner. In this way there is no crowding, and the audience knows what's going on. Never confuse an audience. They have enough to do to stop their chairs from creaking without you people deliberately confusing them.

Well, there you are: that's the whole thing in a nutshell. Now go to it with a will, and—who knows?—one of these days we'll see your name in lights somewhere. (For that's what you want, isn't it, deep down? Ah, yes, I thought so. Ah, me . . .)



"I tell you it's round, not flat."



"Turned out nice again, 'asn't it?"

Great Zimbabwe

(Southern Rhodesia)

WHO were the builders of Great Zimbabwe?

No man knows . . .

Who were those

That quarried, chiselled, hewed,

Laid stone on stone,

Till the high wall stood

And their task was done?

Who and when

No man knows,

Only that many men

In a time long gone—

Hundreds of years, thousands of years,

It is all one—

Under the terrible, fierce

African sun,

Sweated and wrought in their day,

And went their way . . .

But to what end they fashioned

High wall, strong tower,

Altar and citadel,

By what urge impassioned,

Desire of gold or power,

No man can tell.

Who were the dwellers in Great Zimbabwe?

No man can say

What manner of folk were they,

Nor what dark dynasties

Of blood and fear

Held, as they should not cease,

Dominion here,

Before—how swiftly, how slowly

No man can say,

Famine, pestilence or the foe,

No man can know—

The doom swept them wholly

And for ever away,

Leaving to time and decay

And the years' slow silt,

The gods to whom they prayed

And the strong places they had built

And everything they had made . . .

Empty as a bleached skull

Of the loud life,

The voices and the trafficking and the strife

That filled it full . . .

Empty and alone,

Empty of life, empty of memory,

empty of all—

Only the wild fig, self-sown,

Clings with knotted fingers to the wall,

And the bright lizards on the sun-baked stone

Flicker, gleam for a moment,

flash and are gone. . . .

C. F. S.

Tight Hibiscus

I HAVE known for a long time there was something amiss with my fishing. Even on the days when I came back with a sad little bulge in my bag I guessed that primeval forces were rooting powerfully against me. But it was always a difficult feeling to pin down in words, and it was not until I chanced on a stirring* account of the enlightened methods of the fishermen of Northern Rhodesia that I knew where I had come unstuck. And where I expect you have come unstuck as well.

Now, the Unga are said by missionaries to be stiffnecked and awkward people. They are suspicious and, in all but the simplest sense, unclubbable. In addition they have thoughtlessly intermarried with the Batwa, a people renowned even in Africa for shameless talk. Yet I think we should be foolish if we allowed these shortcomings to blind us to the fact that where fish are concerned (as I warn you they are in this article) they show results. They have to. Their alternative diet is

* "Fishermen of the Bangweulu Swamps," by W. V. Brelsford. Rhodes-Livingstone Papers, 5/-.

cassava porridge, a mess so unpalatable that even Mr. Strachey has not attempted to swing it on us. Research yields no record of an Unga-strike in the whole area, and the assumption is that all their waking thoughts are connected, or based on the hope of being connected, with fish.

Purism is unknown in the Bangweulu Swamps. The Unga are great men with the basket, the spear, and, in the case of the burrowing catfish, the spade, as well as with nets and lines made from the savoury fibre of the wild hibiscus. But mere details of method are nothing beside the all-important point that they have understood the necessity for propitiating nature. They suck up to her like anything, and being a logical people they begin with the *Mofu* tree, from which are made their canoes. Just to cut down a *mofu* would be asking for trouble, so what they do is shoot an arrow into the biggest one they can find and run for home. If none of their aunts expire and nobody dreams of a funeral they return to the tree and, brewing a kind of tea out of *musonga* leaves, throw it on a fire at its foot, calling on their ancestors to come and have a look. Should the ancients agree to waive their right of veto, the tree can be safely axed, provided its leaves and branches are absolutely still, for to fell it while these are moving would offend the spirit of the tree. I find this a very sensible courtesy, and I wish the spirits of the trees from which my rods were torn had been more tactfully dealt with. A further piece of insurance covers the transit of the tree to the water. This is the singing of the following canticle:

Solo: *Kuli chantumpo tinto bwato.*
Chorus: *Chikala'cho.*

It fits a number of tunes I can think of. Presumably it covers the launching as well, and the most taciturn gillie should get the hang of it after a little practice.

What you might call the nub of Unga fishing is the weir, of which there are a great many, and here success depends wholly on the professional skill of the fish medicine-man. At the start of the season this specialist arrives with his wife, who puts down the heavy basket she has been toting through the swamp and is then sharply told to go home, the Unga, being realists in everything, holding that women and fishing are utterly incompatible. The medicine-man builds a sort of club-house where the spirits of the weir can get together, and having thrown meal about and juggled a bit with gourds, declares the season open, but not before he has issued a pretty stiff warning to intruding snakes and lions. Like all good technicians in other civilizations—and also in Soviet Russia—this expert lives fatly on tribute; and statistics of his dividends in fish make it clear that when not acting as a caddy his wife is a non-stop performer with the frying-pan.

No less than sixty-seven varieties of fish await the eager Unga—the red-skinned Mumbulwe, the Konkongo and the gallant Kamkubunkubu are the kinds I should go for myself—but even after the medicine-man has buttoned things up there are still vital matters for the individual to consider. Nobody but a lunatic, for instance, would go fishing the day after he has dreamed of a lion, a goose or a snake, and to dream of one's father is not helpful. The most promising expedition is ruined by the sight of a Gaboon Viper

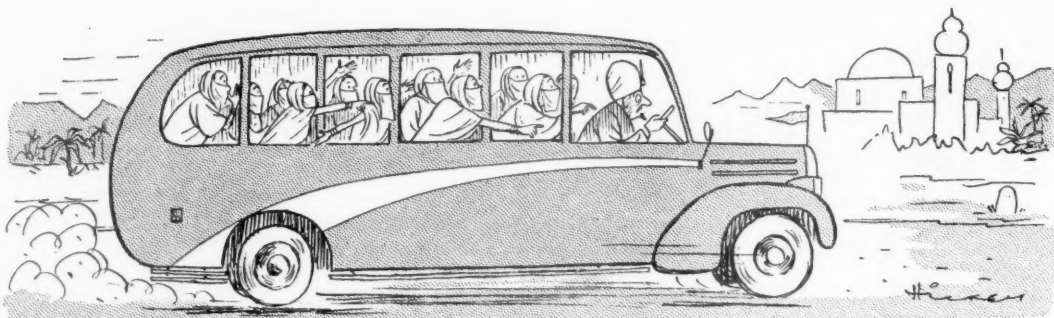
on the move, which is easily understandable, but a dream of a friend giving you tobacco, while likely to remain a dream, guarantees tremendous sport. Nicknames have generally to be found for new nets, and are often taken from those of notoriously difficult women, the idea being that the net will then prove equally tiresome to the fish. Without comment and only in the strict interests of science I pass on the information that the names of maternal mothers-in-law are the most frequently borrowed. Finally, the Unga fisherman administers the correct medicine to each portion of his gear. In this the chewing and spitting of leaves, the roasting of the hand-bones of monkeys, and even the immersion in herbal balsams of the sportsman himself all play their urgent part. After that, if dusk has not already fallen, he can set out with the warmest expectations.

I hope I have said enough to illustrate the great chasm which divides us, flinging our lures brutally into the outraged face of nature, from these infinitely subtler fishermen of Africa. Needless to stress how easily we can follow their lead, once the vital principle of propitiation is grasped. Any competent state-aided village witch will be glad to prescribe a course of action which should give immediate results. Provided, naturally, you are not behind with your stamps. ERIC.

o o

"He is so well-known as a most acceptable Broadcaster and as one who has people forming cues to get into his church that I feel confident everyone will try to be present."—*Parish magazine.*

Cues are long, thin queues with wooden expressions.



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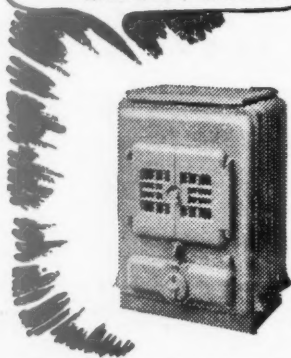
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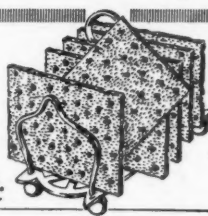
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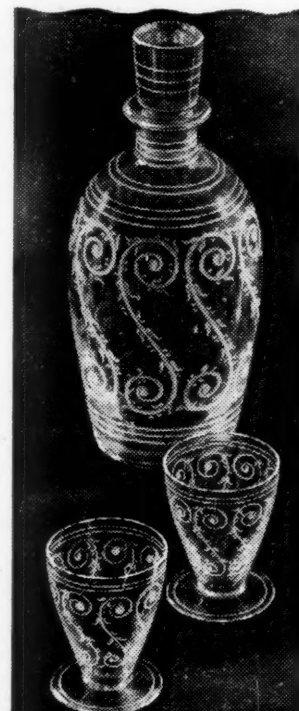


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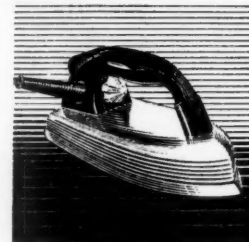
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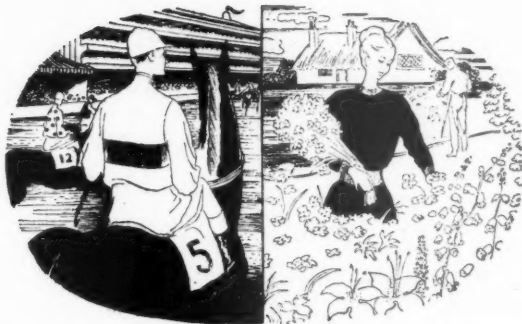
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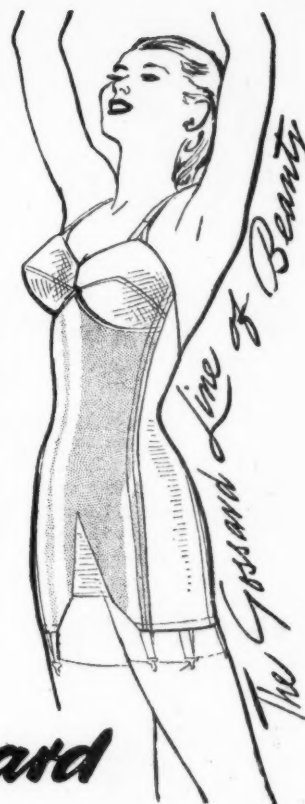
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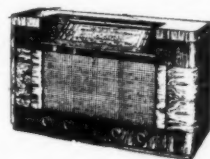
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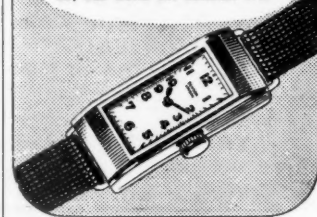
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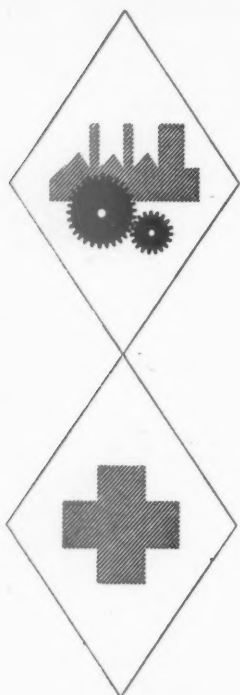
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This is incentive in action.

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The new Henley Co-operative Scheme does not rush output. It pays the workers on *quality*. Impartial experts assess the standard of each man's or woman's work.

As any commonsense business

man would expect, quality has risen very considerably. So has output, though output is a secondary consideration.

The workers like the scheme. With no pressure to work fast, they can do good work that is rewarded by bigger pay packets.

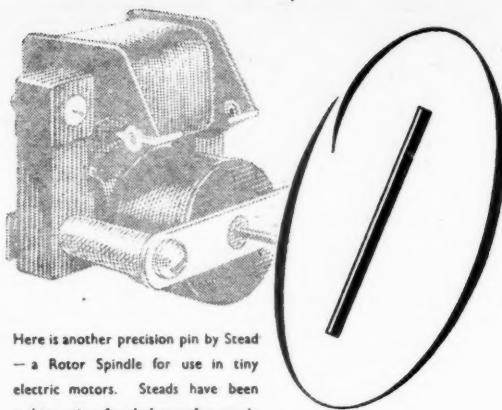
Henley's like the scheme. It raises the already high standard of their tyres.

Motorists will like the scheme. Already it is giving them more perfectly constructed and harder wearing tyres. Extra incentive means fine workmanship. Fine workmanship makes Henley better than the good tyres they have always been.

INCENTIVE IN ACTION

For a fuller account of this successful quality incentive write for the descriptive booklet "Incentive in Action," Dept. Advt./G at the address below.

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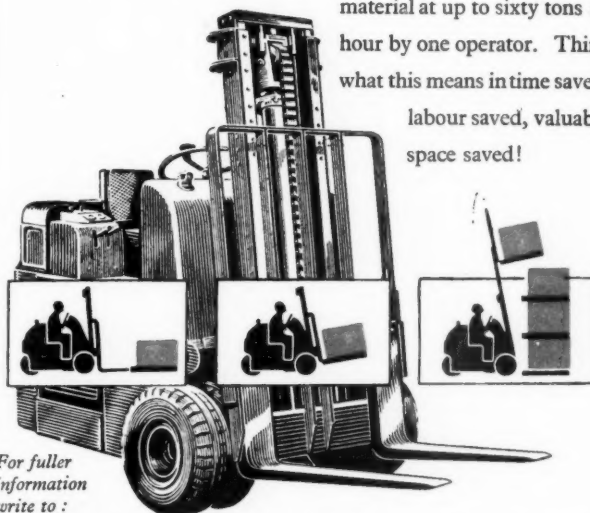
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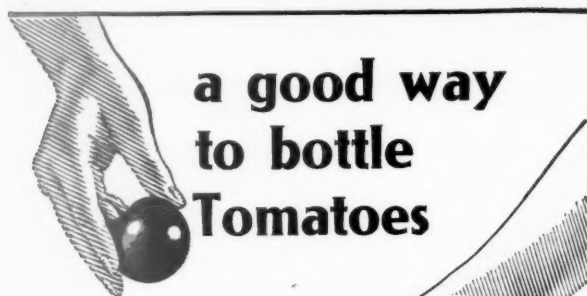
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a good way to bottle Tomatoes

First, make sure the tomatoes are sound and not over ripe. Wash them before bottling.

THE JARS can be of any kind, provided they are clean and sound and that you get tops and rings which absolutely fit. Look to see that the rims are perfectly circular and free from blemishes. Test your jars, and particularly all jam-jars, before using them for bottling. Test them this way. Fill the jars with cold water, put on the rings, lids and clips or screwbands. Wipe dry, then stand the jars head down for half an hour. If they have leaked, examine for defects. You may need to adjust a clip or try another ring. Rinse and drain jars before using.

OVEN BOTTLING

1. Pack the washed tomatoes into the jars, gently but closely, using the handle of a wooden spoon to get them into position. Fill right to the top. The tomatoes will shrink on cooking, so have an extra jar or two to use for filling up the others.

2. Put the filled jars in a slow oven (about 240° F.) standing them on cardboard or several thicknesses of paper to prevent cracking. Arrange jars fairly close together but not touching. Cover the tops with a shallow baking tin or browning sheet to prevent discolouring. Cook for at least 1 ½ hours.

3. While the tomatoes are cooking, make the brine and sterilise the tops and rings.

THE BRINE. Dissolve ½ oz. salt to each quart of water, and if you can spare it, ¼ oz. sugar as well. Bring to boil.

Sterilise tops and rings (not the bands or clips) by putting them into cold water, bringing to the boil and boiling for 15 minutes. They must be put on the bottles while still hot. With metal lids, fit the rubber rings on before sterilising if possible as they are difficult to handle when hot.

4. When the tomatoes are done, take out one jar at a time, placing on a mat or folded paper. Pour in the boiling brine to over-flowing. Seal immediately with hot ring and lid, then screwband or clip before taking out the next jar from oven. Screwbands may need tightening as jars cool.

5. Test next day. Take off clip or band and lift jar by lid. If lid comes off, that jar is faulty and must be re-done or used within a few days.

GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY

1 lb. onions, minced or chopped, 5 lb. tomatoes, minced or chopped, ½ level teaspoon salt, ¼-¾ level teaspoon pickling spices, ¾ to 1 pint vinegar, 1 lb. sugar.

Cook the onion in a very little water for about 20 minutes, in a covered pan. Add the tomatoes, salt and pickling spices (tied in muslin). Continue cooking until all ingredients are quite tender (about another ½ hour). It may be necessary to add a little vinegar during cooking, to prevent burning. Then add sugar and rest of vinegar, stir well and continue boiling gently with lid off the pan until the chutney has the

consistency of jam and no liquid vinegar remains. Remove bag of spices. Fill the chutney into clean jars and seal.

If metal tops are used, protect them from vinegar by a layer of melted wax or fat on top of the chutney or by several thicknesses of grease-proof paper. Well-fitting corks covered with grease-proof paper are satisfactory.

If using paper covers, prevent evaporation by finally covering with a piece of rag previously dipped in melted wax or fat, and tie down.



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